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NATIONAL REVIEW

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May 8, 1962

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Collapse of the GOP

AN EDITORIAL

Rhodesian Gamble

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

The Terrible Meaning of the Algerian Settlement

THOMAS MOLNAR

Articles and Reviews by . . . WALTER DARNELL JACOBS
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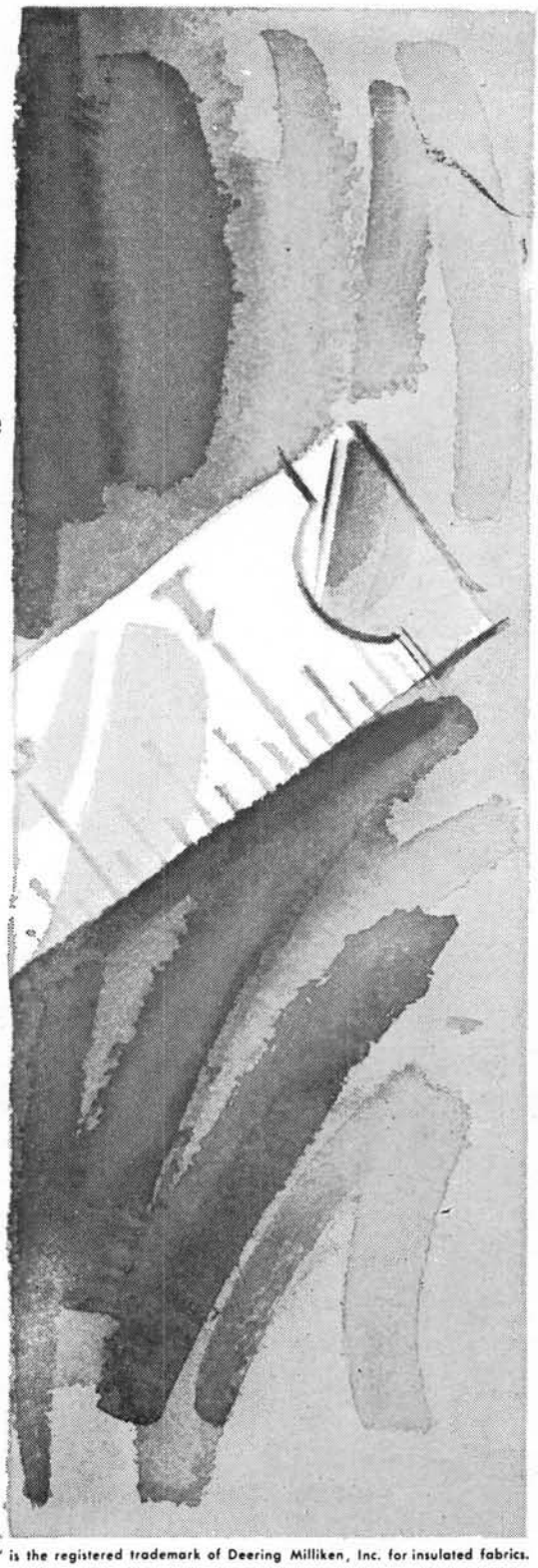

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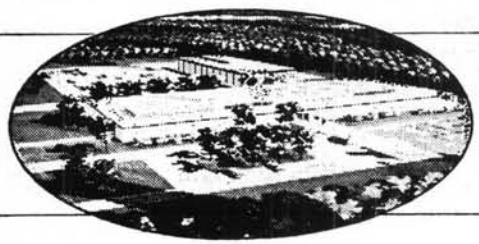

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In This Issue . . .

➔ Professor **Thomas Molnar** of Brooklyn College takes the long view of the meaning of General de Gaulle's Algerian policy. Mr. Molnar is a professor of French, a prolific writer, a former inmate of Nazi concentration camps—and a close student of the life and character, weaknesses and strengths of Charles de Gaulle. His weaknesses are currently in command of the situation. . . . **Michael Frayn** of the *Manchester Guardian* comments shrewdly on the inexact science of Kremlinology; as, by the way, does **Walter Darnell Jacobs** in the book review section, where he takes on four books that examine the Sino-Soviet split and speaks persuasively and authoritatively about some of the tendentious trash our scholars are grinding out on this complex and critical subject. . . . **Anthony Harrigan** of the *Charleston News and Courier* has recently been in Africa and there he talked at length with Sir Roy Welensky. Sir Roy identified two principal obstacles to progress in Rhodesia: a backward native population; and a decadent Liberal ideology, whose Uhuru! calls in effect for the kind of permissive egalitarianism which will, unless that fresh wind is diverted, throw Africa into black chaos. . . . And **Russell Kirk** discusses, unamiably, the latest concern of the Federal Government for Our Welfare: federally financed baby-sitters.

➔ **James Burnham** reviews the new book by Senator Goldwater on foreign policy, and identifies the important difference between this and current Administration documents on foreign policy. . . . **Tiresias,** our man in Latin America, soothsays his way through the tangled affairs of Argentina. . . . **Cato** (no kin) reports from Washington on some of the residual reactions to Mr. Kennedy's decision to fix the price of steel. . . . Professor **Guy Davenport** of Haverford College reviews the latest volume of Professor Hugh Kenner, who is also NATIONAL REVIEW's poetry editor. Mr. Davenport says it, and obviously is glad he did: Hugh Kenner is the foremost literary critic of our generation. . . . **Garry Wills** reviews Frederick Wilhelmsen's *The Metaphysics of Love,* and finds it a marvelous contribution to the "most elusive yet important problems in metaphysics"—notwithstanding one "disastrous footnote." (May all our disasters be committed in footnotes!) Mr. Wilhelmsen continues to teach at Pamplona University in Spain, where he frequently weekends with Brent Bozell, and together they drink deep draughts of *Weltschmerz.* . . . And **Francis Russell** traces the volution of the serial thrillers.

➔ **William von Dreele** absolutely explodes with verse in this issue, and recounts the troubles of a conservative on the psychoanalyst's couch. . . . And some more moving poems from **Matthew Mead** (*A Poem in Nine Parts*), the eloquent (and tough) young writer who now lives near London. It is Mr. Mead's second appearance in NATIONAL REVIEW. ➔

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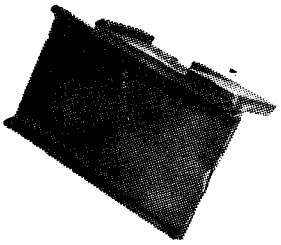

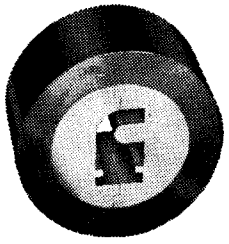

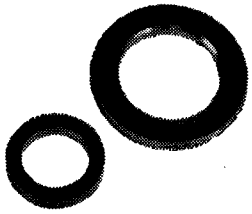

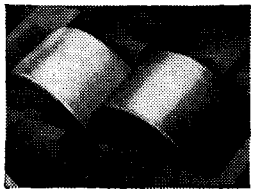

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The WEEK

● Burma is a neutralist socialist country. Dr. Gordon Seagrave is the Burma Surgeon. He has been this for forty years, and he wants a hospital. So a committee has been formed to raise money for the hospital. The honorary chairman is President Kennedy. American sponsors include Chester Bowles, Senator Joseph Clark, William Clayton, Harlan Cleveland, Milton Eisenhower, Paul Hoffman, Chet Huntley, Walter Lippmann, Ed Murrow, Walter Reuther, Dean Rusk, Arthur Schlesinger, Harry Truman, Earl Warren and Eleanor Roosevelt. The same crowd backs our Katanga policy. Idea. Why not, gentlemen, arrange to blow up one less hospital in Katanga, and transport it to Burma? You can put us down as sponsors.

● When President Kennedy appointed Gerald Brown to the National Labor Relations Board last year, he tilted the balance of the Board far toward laborism, which the Board has demonstrated in a succession of startlingly insouciant reversals of its own earlier decisions. The Board no longer applies the law: it is, as Mr. Brown recently boasted, "unquestionably a policy-making body," and the decisions of the Board in the past year have betrayed a policy of intolerable intrusion into the rights of individual workers and the rights of management to manage. But when Congress creates an agent to administer a law created by Congress, the right to create law (read: policy) remains exclusively in Congress. This basic fact of constitutional government was duly noted on the floor of the House of Representatives in mid-April, when two congressmen rose to assail the NLRB with unimpeachable arguments. The congressmen were Messrs. Landrum and Griffin, who have given their names to quite a chunk of labor legislation in the past —as they had better do again, and soon, if Congress is to retain any legislative powers in this area.

● Judge Richard H. Levet has rendered his decision in *U.S.* v. *William F. Rickenbacker*: Guilty (of refusing to answer the Blue census form). At press time the full copy of the Judge's opinion was not available. NATIONAL REVIEW will report more fully when the documents are in hand. Meanwhile, Mr. Rickenbacker has declared his intention to appeal the case, to the Supreme Court if necessary.

● The Conservative Party (New York State) has announced that the response to its initial public appeal for support has been so "electrifying" that it has definitely decided to run independent conservative candidates for governor and U.S. senator in the 1962 New York elections. Although the initial fund appeal did not raise enough to carry the Party's entire planned operation through the year, it was enough to finance the hiring of a nuclear staff, the opening of a headquarters (350 Lexington Ave., NYC 16), and the publication of a press statement that rakes the Liberal-Left Rockefeller-Javits clique over some of the hottest coals they've felt in months.

● Last week in Westport, Connecticut, State Senator John Lupton proved he is a serious contender for governor of Connecticut. He did this by beating John Lodge in Lodge's home territory in a contest for delegates. Observers of Mr. Lodge's excellent recent career can take no satisfaction in his being beaten in a bid to any elective office: but Mr. Lodge's interest is primarily in foreign affairs. And the race is for governor of Connecticut. And Senator Lupton, who will be opposed by John Alsop, an Eisenhower-Liberal, is a capable and eloquent conservative. If he can arrive at the nominating convention with 20 per cent of the delegates pledged to his cause, he can force a public run-off. And if he does, he will almost surely win, in which case Connecticut will have an opportunity in November to vote for an alternative to four more years of profligate government.

● During the evening of April 20, TV producer Howard A. Enders and narrator Howard K. Smith did their bit over WOR and associated stations for the booming Hate Germany campaign. "The Other Walls" used aptly selected historical references, quotes, old news clips of Nazis and shots from the movie *Judgment at Nuremberg*, and gave the impression that all Germans, East and West, old and young, past, present and future, are by nature militarist, racist, warmongering and fascist. After that piece of audio-visual education, *any* good student would want to put every German he could lay hands on behind a thick, high Wall.

● UN Secretary General U Thant has called his chief aides in the Congo—military and civilian—back to New York for consultation. Tshombe and Adoula are fighting it out through press conferences and news releases. In Elisabethville, so a European resident writes us, "the tensions are steadily mounting. All the signs and indications which preceded the two previous rounds of September and December are becoming more and more in evidence every day. Unless something is worked out between Tshombe and Adoula to the satisfaction of the UN, there seems every possibility that we will be in the third bloody round by the first or second week of May." This

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same source reports near-famine conditions in the north. A nun writes to thank the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters for a check made over to Catholic Charities in Elisabethville and concludes: "There is such a lot of misery, such a lot of misery . . ." And in Washington, the House gets ready to act on the UN bond issue.

● The rejailing of Milovan Djilas, which at first had the commentators puzzled, fits into place with the disclosure that Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko spent a happy and successful mid-April week in Yugoslavia. His visit put an official seal on the rapprochement between Moscow and Belgrade that has taken place during the past two years. Their solidarity on all international issues, unbreached during the whole period, will be extended into economic relations. Djilas' older book, *The New Class,* embarrasses the Moscow regime by proving from the inside that Communism is an exploitative class society; and his *Conversations with Stalin,* about to be published, is an unpleasant reminder of the causes of the original Moscow-Belgrade squabble. Throwing Djilas into prison was thus an appropriate part of the welcoming ceremony for Gromyko, and an earnest of Yugoslav good faith. To show we're above it all, the State Department simultaneously arranged the sale to Belgrade (for blocked dinars, of which we already possess a thousand-year supply) of another huge lot of foodstuffs.

● The absurdity of the latest 10,000-word disarmament plan, presented April 18 to the Geneva conference by the U.S. delegation, is obviously enough proved by the fact that within 48 hours it had sunk without a trace. The complicated three-stage proposals were not only so unrealistic as to be ridiculous in practical terms; they had—as the event proved—not the slightest psychological or propaganda appeal. As a psywar maneuver the plan was a total flop. But it was worse than absurd and ridiculous. The plan's Stage III provides: "While national armaments are reduced to zero the United Nations Peace Force reaches full strength with such power that no single nation can challenge it." In face of the record of the UN Peace Force in Katanga, and the UN majority now possessed by primitive, sparsely populated pseudo-nations, it is shockingly irresponsible for our representatives to put forward such an idea, even as a wheel-spinning operation. And it is a grim thought that some of the authors of the plan may not even have thought of it as merely a diversion.

● EXTREMIST. "Let us bear in mind that the parent of this socialism pervading morals and culture was Liberalism, and that its offspring will be Bolshevism." Pius XI, *Quadragesimo Anno,* 1931.

The Collapse of the GOP

The statistics have looked bad for several years, most notably after the disastrous elections of 1958. What was proved then was what had been visible for several years to those who had eyes and saw: that there never had been any correlation between the popularity of Dwight Eisenhower and the popularity of the Republican Party. We at NATIONAL REVIEW had gone further, to say that Mr. Eisenhower's leadership was in fact sorely hurting the Republican Party: Mr. Eisenhower's loose-thinking approach to public problems was depriving the party of its *raison d'être* as the principal vehicle through which the country might march around socialism, and Communism, towards ordered freedom in the machine age. So that when the Republicans lost Ike, they lost the Presidency, and found their Party in a state of total disrepair. Mr. Eisenhower had made the Republican Party unintelligible.

Consider poor Mr. Nixon! For eight years he had to identify himself enthusiastically with the jerry-built house of Mr. Eisenhower—the whole lot of it, including Summit conferences, deficit spending, weakness in Korea, suspension of nuclear tests, more and bigger farm subsidies, ambiguous union legislation. And the result is that, although Mr. Nixon remains the nominal leader of the Republican Party, no living man can deduce what are his essential views. Senator Goldwater has a firmly etched position on most matters of public concern, but he is not the Party's leader, merely the leader of a single wing of it, the wing, moreover, which at convention after convention the majority of the delegates have, however reluctantly, repudiated. And Mr. Rockefeller is nominally the leader of the left wing, but without anything like the strength to call the Party his own. Indeed, he is heartily distrusted by the majority of Republican officials.

In Congress, Senator Goldwater has not emerged as a considerable parliamentary force. His great triumphs are personal, and polemical, and are made mostly on the road, speaking, projecting his attractive personality. Nor are Rockefeller's forces powerful in Congress. In Congress we have Ev and Charlie, able technicians: but hardly the men about whom to re-form the Republican Party. What is the Party's strategy? Even on technical electoral matters? One wing feels it is futile to try to lure the vote of the racial and ethnic minorities which in 1960 piled up 80 and 90 and 95 per cent Democratic pluralities. Another wing wants to woo these votes with more welfarist benefits, tougher civil rights programs. Neither of the two views has clearly prevailed. Neither wing seems to have the remotest idea how to handle President Kennedy. His photogenic stewardship is in and of itself a formidable thing for any

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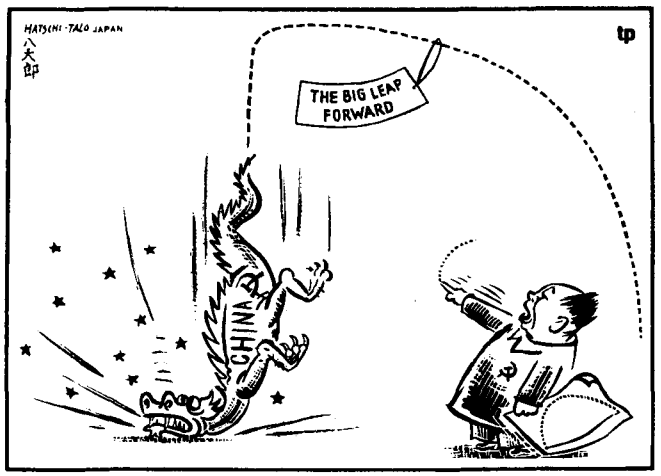
dissent to cope with. But Mr. Kennedy has reinforced even these great advantages by campaigning for the measured liquidation of the influence of his detractors, by the skillful use of stick and carrot. Such are President Kennedy's powers that he can even cause Everett Dirksen to give a short speech. Has ever so much power been accumulated in the Presidency?

Not even a beginning has been made on any effective campaign advocating the replacement of Mr. Kennedy at the earliest opportunity, or welding together a solid and cohesive doctrine of opposition. That result is the chaos, the ineffectiveness, the demoralization of the Republican Party; and an easy road for the New Frontier.

Viewed as a non-partisan problem, the power of the Presidency has got completely out of hand. The listlessness of the Republican Party derives in part from the sinking feeling that when all is said and done, it is not possible to oppose the massive power of the President. Let us grant the infinite maladroitness of Roger Blough: still, it pays to meditate that when the premier American industrialist crossed the premier American politician, the politician won in a matter of hours, having meanwhile answered his opponent by publicly instigating grand jury investigations, by ordering millions of dollars spent with his competitors, by sending around FBI agents at three in the morning to get evidence against him, and by broadcasting Blough's "unpatriotism" to 30 million television sets and two thousand newspapers. The power is excessive, and much thought must be given to its contraction.

A first step: the adoption by the Goldwater wing of the Republican Party, in cooperation with the moderate Republicans, of a nuclear position of organic opposition to the Kennedy program, and the growing power of the Executive. The opposition should adopt limited, but substantive, goals. Cooperative Republicans should then put aside epiphenomenal obsessions and bear down on the principal points at issue. Senator Goldwater should work hand in hand with two or three crack legislators. The group should agree to give *sustained,* rather than episodic, attention to important issues. Conservatives around the country, while maintaining their identities, should regularly publicize the meditations and accomplishments of this cadre.

Within eighteen months, such a group, dynamically led, would be in complete charge of the Republican Party. And a true opposition might be born.



Tarentel Press

New Orleans

New Orleans is front and center these days on the integration battle map. Copious publicity has been given to Archbishop Rummel's excommunication of three parishioners. The Liberal press seems anxious to drive home a point the Archbishop in fact has not attempted to make. The inference we are urged to draw is that a belief in segregated schools is an excommunicable offense. What the Archbishop has done, quite properly within the structure of canon law, is to excommunicate three persons who have contumaciously defied his ecclesiastical authority. A jurisprudential analogy would be a contempt-of-court charge: one might wholly agree that a judge must rule in his own courtroom, even if one might disagree with the way in which he exercises his authority at any given moment.

Eighteen months ago the Liberal press, both Catholic and non-Catholic, was infinitely less enthusiastic about the use of the instrument of excommunication by the bishops of Puerto Rico, who threatened that dire penalty against anyone who voted for Muñoz Marín. At the time, NATIONAL REVIEW also remarked that the bishops *have* the power to excommunicate and that the reasoning used by the bishops as justifying so great a sanction against dissident Puerto Rican voters (who turned out to be a majority of all Puerto Ricans) was valid according to the bishops' lights: and no others' were relevant. What one must beware of is the casual confusion which Liberals especially seem to foster, between the procedural validity of an act of excommunication according to internal Catholic regulations, and any automatic presumption, negative or affirmative, about the prudential wisdom of its use in any given situation.

And then there is the matter of the Negro family, dispatched with much commotion from New Orleans to New York. It was a stunt calculated to make an effective point, and it threw the Liberals into rank confusion. If life in the South is for a Negro as wretched as they say it is, what greater act of charity than to step up the flow of refugees from the oppressed areas, pending their liberation? Liberation

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Are You Responsible?

I recently challenged Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr. at a public meeting to explain why there has been so much fuss and pother about the irresponsible Right in this country and so little about the irresponsible Left. He replied that only last January he had made a speech denouncing not only the irresponsible Right but also the irresponsible Left. I told him if he would send me a copy, I'd be glad to give it some publicity. I shall always be glad to give publicity to any lapse by Professor Schlesinger into sanity, and do not worry that such a guarantee will heavily mortgage my future time.

Well, it turns out that the occasion was a speech before the California Federation of Young Democrats. But Mr. Schlesinger took aim only at a sitting duck. He did, however, knock it right over. What he said was:

"There are those supposedly on the Liberal side who seem equally wedded to the conspiratorial theory of history, equally obsessed with primer answers to insoluble questions, equally persuaded that they are in unique and miraculous possession of the Truth. Whenever I hear talk, for example, of 'the power elite,' I know that I am in the presence of a mirror image of the John Birch Society. The notion that a conspiracy of bankers and generals control our destiny is as nutty as the notion that it is controlled by Walter Reuther and the officials of the ADA."

A damned sight nuttier, I'd say—but let us be grateful that Mr. Schlesinger, intellectual-laureate of the New Frontier, has officially disavowed the lunatic notion, primarily identified with Professor C. Wright Mills (who died a few weeks ago), that the country is being run by a Roger Blough-General Walker axis.

One wishes the eloquent Professor Schlesinger had sunk his pointed teeth a little deeper. Who is better equipped than he, for instance, to expose and denounce the activities of some of his former colleagues at Harvard University? There are the headquarters of the Committees of Correspondence. Not many people even know that such Committees exist, let alone what they exist to do. Save for a single reference to them in *Life* magazine and repeated references in NATIONAL REVIEW, they have escaped the notice of a press whose seismographs report the least tremor of the crazy-Right.

The Committees of Correspondence are dominated by two professors at Harvard, one of them a historian, H. Stuart Hughes, the grandson of Charles Evans Hughes, former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; the other, the enormously talented sociologist, David Riesman. It is the consuming ambition of these gentlemen to sell the doctrine of unilateral disarmament. That is best done, they reason, through the vast network of the academic underworld. By sending out a stream of letters to a widening group of academic folk, they look to give the highest political leverage to their ideas. The professors exercise influence on their fellow professors, and on their students, and their students' students. Professors Hughes and Riesman are not dismissed as acknowledged far-outers, exhibitionistic eccentrics who alternately annoy and amuse a stolidly conservative community. They are academic insiders, whose voices are heard in public affairs. Riesman was all but establishmentarianized when he appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine; both he and Hughes contributed chapters to *The Liberal Papers,* the blueprint for surrender prepared for extreme-left congressmen.

The aim of these men and their followers is to bring pressure on the government to throw our weapons into the sea. They are, moreover, hard at work cultivating the thesis that no man can with good conscience execute any order from a superior to launch an atomic weapon. In the most orthodox and literal sense, then, this is a subversive movement, *i.e.,* one which seeks to undermine the publicly constituted authority. Will Professor Schlesinger expose and denounce it?

The Committees of Correspondence are merely the most flagrant of a cluster of pacifist and neo-pacifist and collaborationist groups which compose the left-extremist wing in American politics. They are currently storming the President to cancel the nuclear weapons tests. They would have us withdraw in South Vietnam, make terms with Castro, demilitarize Germany, recognize the Red Chinese. It is comforting to tell ourselves that these men will never have the commanding voice in United States affairs. But policy is a matter of degree. What voices did Mr. Kennedy finally listen to a year ago when, at the crucial hour, he betrayed the liberation army at the Bay of Pigs? The voices of the yellowhearts, the same voices whose echoes, however dimly heard, persuaded Mr. Eisenhower to make the fateful decision to suspend the development of our nuclear arm.

Make no mistake about it: however preposterous is the unbuttoned voice of a Professor Riesman, the muted influence of his group on our affairs is already palpable (ask one of those Cuban soldiers doing thirty years at hard labor . . .). When the views of this group finally prevail, the lights will forthwith go out, all over the world. It is said God enjoys good theater: perhaps the lights will go out half way through a CBS spectacular on the dangers of the Extreme Right.

W. F. B. Jr.

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by whom? Why, by freedom riders, *i.e.*, human beings dispatched from the North to the South—bus tickets paid, and a few dollars for pocket money, just like the New Orleans Negro: sent down, admittedly, to make a public point. Well, both sides got a lot of publicity. And we say: Enough of stuntery. Let us stop deploying human beings around the map to score a debater's point or win a headline. We'll take up a collection to buy one-way bus tickets to any extra-territorial point for Leander Perez *and* James Peck.

Of Price and Men

Six months ago the electrical workers union in New York City got for its members a 20-hour week, time-and-a-half for overtime and a cornucopia of fringe benefits. The deal meant an increase of more than 10 per cent, maybe 20, in the cost of electrical work in the building industry. This leap forward was made by the union bosses by virtue of their absolute monopoly control of the labor supply for electrical work, and their treaties with the bosses of the other unions who together exercise monopoly control over the labor supply of the entire industry. Because of this monopoly, and because neither the police nor officials nor courts in New York will permit moves against a strike, the electrical union bosses brought to a halt all New York construction—the heart of the city's economy. Capitulation to the union demands followed as a matter of course.

Last week the plumbers, masons, and other construction unions advanced demands modeled on this electric precedent, and will no doubt soon get what they are after.

Together, these raises will lift the cost of construction in the city by $100 million or so a year. This added cost will be translated into the rents for the great buildings used by most major U.S. businesses and their employees, and thus ultimately into the cost of virtually all products reaching the market.

The Mayor of New York, recognized state leader of the President's Party, in January celebrated his re-election by raising the salaries of the top city officials $10,000 annually and buying each of them a new black Cadillac.

President Kennedy has proposed to Congress pay raises for government employees which will amount to more than 10 per cent over a three-year period. These will have to be paid for either by taxes—which will become added costs for business and thus for the products of business—or by deficits which will raise prices through credit inflation. Already the Administration's own economists admit that there will be a $3 to $4 billion deficit in the next budget (offered by the President in January as "balanced"). Economists outside government say it might well be $10 billion.

Meanwhile the Treasury Department maintains the depreciation rates allowed on plant and equipment at obsolete rates having no relation to the real life of the items—the most unfavorable rate in the entire world.

These are sample facts in a nearly endless list. They prove the shameless demagogy of the President's conduct in the steel price affair, and the ruthless cynicism of his simulated fury. The problems of the steel industry could have been used to make some of those facts, and their consequences, known to the citizens, and to expose Mr. Kennedy's demagogy and cynicism instead of to enhance his Caesarist usurpations. They were not, because Roger Blough and persons like him in the upper echelons of American business do not understand the age they are living in, and are not equipped to meet its complex challenge. They do not realize that, with the masses actively entered on the public stage, in an era of technological revolution, social transformation and mass communication, a corporation is no longer a sheltered island.

The fact that Roger Blough is head of the nation's largest industrial enterprise proves that American business has not equipped itself to face the competition.

Above All, Read It

Mr. Ralph Bunche of the United Nations recently gave an interview to a reporter from the *Charlotte* (N.C.) *Observer* denouncing in vigorous terms a) Mr. William Buckley; b) the Katanga Report of the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters; and c) Professor Ernest van den Haag. Mr. Buckley's sins, said Dr. Bunche, are legion and scarlet, but today's offense was to have written a syndicated column recommending the Katanga Report, which "is erroneous from beginning to end," the "deliberately distorted" product of Professor van den Haag.

Now, we have come not to bury Dr. Bunche (though some day we might have to take time to do just that to him and one or two other UN mercenaries), merely to answer his charges. It must be said that Dr. Bunche's convulsive distortions suggest either a sick mind, or else a cynical propagandistic maneuver designed to discredit a document which sets down the inglorious record of the United Nations Army in Katanga last fall. Dr. Bunche, who was professionally trained as a scholar, says that van den Haag "saw and talked with no one on the UN side"—but the report gives the names and summarizes, with great understanding, the arguments of UN

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officials whom van den Haag met with at length. Dr. Bunche says "there's nothing to establish that the UN had anything to do with the atrocities which Haag's photographs purport to show that UN forces wantonly committed"—yet the report reproduces signed affidavits from on-the-spot observers of UN atrocities. Dr. Bunche denounces the Katanga fighters as "well-paid professional killers"; and so dismisses the patriotic activities of a population described by the *New York Times* as "99 per cent pro-Tshombe." Dr. Bunche implies that Tshombe was grateful for the UN intervention—in the teeth of Tshombe's repeated denunciation of the UN's activities and atrocities, in terms heard 'round the civilized world . . . .

What goes on? It is impossible to believe that Dr. Bunche read the pamphlet he denounced so slanderously. Unless one is prepared to believe that Dr. Bunche will willingly lie for his international fatherland. Well, Dr. Bunche is not the principal problem here. The problem is the meek acquiescence with which so much of the press and public have met the sustained efforts of the government and the Liberal Establishment to pull down the curtain over the events of last year in the Congo.

Even so the evidence against the UN continues to accumulate. Lord Colyton gave an extensive speech in the House of Lords a few weeks ago, reporting on his investigations in Katanga. All his conclusions, and many of the details he gave, corroborated the report of Professor van den Haag for the Katanga Committee. An Austrian socialist paper has published another report to which the International Red Cross contributed—again tending to confirm van den Haag's report.

It is the opinion of the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW that the Report of the Katanga Committee is one of the most revealing documents of our time. Its qualities are a relentless sobriety (in such vivid contrast to the tendentious bombast of Dr. Bunche); a profound understanding of the relationship of forces in the Congo; microcosmic revelations about the growth of United Nations power, and its relation to the cause of the West; and the great insight it gives into the role of the UN in the Cold War. It is inconceivable that anyone who reads this document will be unmoved by it, or be easy prey for the propaganda of UN-firsters. Here is where one finds by all the odds the most readable account of the great forces in motion within the United Nations.

The report is still available from the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters, a non-profit organization. Cost: $1.50; address: 79 Madison Avenue, New York 16. Send copies to your newspaper editors, your local legislators and schoolteachers. Send a copy to Dr. Bunche (address: United Nations, New York). *Above all*, read it yourself.

For the Record

Rumors abound in Latin American refugee circles that Castro plans invasion of Dominican Republic within 45 days. June 1 said to be target. . . . This year's Cuban sugar harvest expected to be 30 per cent lower than last year's. . . . Castro government now owns an estimated 50 per cent of Cuban farmland, divided into commune-type collectives. . . . Under new Cuban law, in final draft form, Cuban children will be taken from their parents at age three and brought up in government nurseries and schools. . . . Bearded Castro-type guerrillas stepping up their raids in Western Venezuela.

Not much publicized: Dean Rusk's Geneva disarmament plan would, among other things, do away with Connally Reservation. . . . State Department reports it has 100,000 orders for Document 7277 (Disarmament Plan). . . . Just off the press (and well worth reading) "Education for Survival in the Struggle against World Communism," a symposium on Communism prepared for Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. . . . Strong movement underway to induce Rep. Judd to run for re-election. He has said he is retiring. . . . Sen. Dodd urges U.S. not to abet Sukarno in his grab for Dutch New Guinea. Any U.S. pressure on Holland to turn New Guinea over to Indonesia would, says Dodd, "break the hearts of our staunch allies in Southeast Asia." . . . Khrushchev turning the screws. He's demanding that Mao turn over to USSR a good part of wheat Red China recently bought from Canada—as part payment on China's debt to Russia. Portuguese anger over U.S. censure vote on Angola in UN, lack of U.S. carry-through on Goa, centering on Adlai. European sources say Stevenson dismissal might be price Salazar exacts for renewal of Azores base treaty, which expires Dec. 31. . . . Nearly 80 per cent of U.S. military traffic to Europe passes through Azores.

Newest educational wrinkle: job guidance in schools will start at age eight. This is the age (third grade), say the "experts," when a child's ideas about job status and monetary values crystallize.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

Here are some highlights of a forthcoming GOP report on the federal budget: 1) the one-half-billion-dollar surplus envisaged by President Kennedy in his budget message now looks like a fantastic $7.5 billion deficit. 2) The original $93 billion called for in the President's budget will mushroom to over $99 billion if all proposals now before the Congress are enacted. 3) Backdoor spending could boost this $99 billion by several billion more. Republicans will ask how the President can square his seething anger over the prospect of a steel price increase with his very obvious failure to hold the line on government spending which, they say, makes cost and price rises inevitable.

The storm kicked up by the publication of *The Liberal Papers* continues to swirl around the nation. Democratic House members of the Liberal Project, which dreamed up the idea of putting together these essays on surrender, have, with the exception of Congressmen Kastenmeier and Roosevelt, run for cover like frightened hares.

A week ago ten GOP freshman congressmen took the floor of the House to examine *The Liberal Papers* chapter by chapter. As a matter of courtesy the group's chairman, Rep. Robert Stafford (former Governor of Vermont), wrote to the seven surviving members of the Liberal Project (five of the original twelve were bounced out of their seats in a stirring exercise of good judgment by their constituents back in 1960) and invited them to be present. To a man, they all had something else to do. One member, Rep. Reuss (D., Wis.) explained that he had absolutely no connection with the Liberal Project or *The Liberal Papers* and included a thinly veiled warning that any mention of his name in connection with the Project would be dimly regarded by him.

Out in Wisconsin, Claude Jasper, GOP State Chairman, publishes a newsletter called *Facts*. This little publication has been having the time of its life with *The Liberal Papers* since the Liberal Project's den dad, Rep. Robert Kastenmeier, is a Wisconsinite and one of the GOP's favorite targets in that state.

In its first mention of the Liberal Project, *Facts* listed Rep. Reuss as a member. Kastenmeier, in a press conference (and subsequent press release) back in 1959, had reported Reuss as a member. But Reuss, though a Liberal, is not stupid. He wrote the Liberal Project two weeks after the press release came out to make it clear that he was not a member of the Project and, further, that he wanted nothing to do with it. After *The Liberal Papers* brouhaha broke out, Reuss reiterated this statement. Since he had done such a thorough job of dissociating himself way back when, the GOP took Reuss at his word and left his name out of any subsequent statements about *The Liberal Papers*.

But before this was known, *Facts* had listed Reuss as a Liberal Project member. Last week Reuss sued Claude Jasper for libel. The word is that Jasper is secretly delighted. So is the national GOP. For here we have a Liberal Democrat who believes that any connection with *The Liberal Papers* or Kastenmeier's Liberal Project is so abhorrent by nature that a mistaken connection of his name with the whole mess is a matter of libel.

An interesting sidelight on the Kennedy *vs.* Big Steel Donnybrook has been largely ignored. During the height of the furor William Reynolds, President of Reynolds Metals, issued a statement defending the price rise and blasting the Administration's tactics. The same afternoon Reynolds was called to the White House. After a session with JFK, Reynolds emerged and issued a "clarifying" statement which all but took back what he had originally said.

Republicans finally swung into action on the Steel question with a statement by the Joint House-Senate Leadership of the GOP which scored the President's dictatorial methods. Newsmen friendly to the Administration rushed to their typewriters to tell the nation that the GOP is—you guessed it—the party of Big Business.

But the Republicans did not enter the fray rashly. For nearly a week they had first considered carefully the implications of the struggle. GOP reasoning went something like this: For months now Capitol Hill has been buzzing with stories of the blackjack tactics the White House & Co. have been using on members of Congress, newsmen and businessmen to get their way. The misuse of the FBI in connection with the steel situation, plus the baldly announced methods of intimidation (including the illegal granting of a contract by the Secretary of Defense, without benefit of competitive bidding, to a steel company that did not announce a rise in prices) were the first dramatic public illustrations of the bully-boy tactics of the Administration. Moreover, quick readings around the nation showed that, by and large, the American people, although they were pleased that steel prices were not to go up, were uneasy over the methods used by the President.

The GOP, in the months to come, will bear down heavily on this question. It expects to make a sizable dent in the President's popularity by picturing the Administration as power-mad.

Bits and Pieces: The FBI is unhappy over the use to which it was put (pulling newsmen out of bed in the wee sma' hours) during the steel price increase fuss. The orders reportedly came from the White House and were specific—do it now and get them out of bed if you have to.

The brief honeymoon between business and the Administration is over, according to sources here. For a while JFK had been courting businessmen, and some of them had begun to think that the New Frontier wasn't so bad after all. The castigation of Steel opened a lot of eyes, and that small army of lobbyists around town which speaks for business is up in arms. Since this group wields considerable influence, more fireworks may be exploding in the next few months.

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Special Report

Argentina: Act II

TIRESIAS

Despite belated recognition by the Department of State of Argentine President Guido's government, Argentina is once more going through an agonizing internal struggle. The struggle at this phase is less between the Argentine Military and civilians than between two factions which have emerged within the Argentine military structure itself: one clinging to a desperate hope that the nation can be pacified by a return to common sense at the ballot box, the other resolutely unwilling to hazard the nation's fate in general elections which could bring Peronists into total power. This internal dispute stems from a question of method rather than principle, for the Argentine Military are determined that Peronism shall never again despoil their country.

The immediate sequence of events that resulted in the replacement of Arturo Frondizi as President of Argentina are these: the Argentine elections of March 18 turned out disastrously for the Frondizi government. Peronist candidates won ten governorships in 19 provinces, and Frondizi's party lost control of the House of Deputies. Argentine military leaders thereupon informed Frondizi that they would not tolerate the installation of Peronist governors and demanded that he nullify the elections. Instead, Frondizi stalled. The Peronists, led by the governor-elect of Buenos Aires province, Andrés Framini, declared that they would not be cheated of the fruits of electoral victory and threatened a general strike. Argentine military leaders reiterated their demand that Frondizi nullify the elections, and when he refused, arrested and flew him to comfortable isolation on an island in the Plate River. Legal succession to the Presidency devolved upon the Senate president, José María Guido, who was duly sworn in and set about forming a cabinet under the watchful eyes of the Military.

These, then, are the facts. Upon them have been constructed a slanted editorial edifice which holds that Argentina is once more in the grip of military dictatorship, and that only through the will of the electorate freely expressed at the ballot box can democracy in Argentina become a viable way of life.

But Argentina is not the United States, and the United States is not Argentina. We indulge ourselves fatuously by presuming that United States-type democracy can thrive in all soils and climates.

Peronist-Communist Alliance

The Argentine Military—like the Military of Brazil and other Latin American countries—traditionally regard themselves as custodians of the Constitution. This is why Provisional President General Pedro Aramburu permitted the inauguration of President-elect Frondizi a little over four years ago. And it is why the Argentine Military subsequently forced Frondizi to welsh on pre-electoral pacts with Communists and Peronists and purge his cabinet, eventually, of their representatives.

The Argentine Military were opposed to political amnesty for known Peronists; even more solidly opposed to Peronist participation in the electoral process, but Frondizi prevailed. The Military also anticipated the disaster of the March 18 elections, for they believed what an Argentine businessman once told me about the 1955 revolt that unseated and banished Juan Perón: "You must always remember that the revolt was a revolt of the minority against the majority." That one sentence holds the key to the future of Argentina.

Probably no less than 70 per cent of the Argentine electorate vigorously approved Perón's brand of social-welfarism, *justicialismo*, with its pageantry, cake for the masses and idolized saint-image in the form of Eva Perón. In gaining the fealty of his *descamisados*, Perón squandered the substance of a once-rich nation; what the military revolutionaries who overthrew him regained was a land that had been, in effect, sacked by Vandals. To restore a semblance of fiscal and social order, the Aramburu government froze wages and prices. Labor—long accustomed to extravagant indulgence by Perón—reacted with strikes, sabotage and terrorism. Order was enforced by the Military.

Putting it simply, the lower class and a significant part of the Argentine middle class nostalgically, even violently, want a return to the *dolce vita* of Peronism, while conservatives and the Military are determined that there shall be no revival of the spendthrift past.

From sybaritic exile Perón directed the activity of his still-loyal masses, funding his lieutenants and making GHQ of his homes in Torremolinos and Madrid. Castro was quick to identify the Peronists as natural allies, and soon Argentine Peronists, Communists and *Castristas* were making common cause against the Frondizi government.

The Peronist-led hue and cry against sacrifice and fiscal responsibility persuaded Frondizi to dilute the intelligent austerity program of his capable Minister of Economy, Alvaro Alsogaray, and to slough off Alsogaray as a political liability.

Frondizi's acute sensitivity to popular opinion, combined with an alarmed awareness of growing Peronist and *Castrista* influence, convinced him that it would be domestic political suicide to cast Argentina's OAS vote against Communist Cuba at the Punta del Este Conference. But an enraged Argentine Military then demanded and got a rupture in diplomatic relations with Cuba on the grounds that Frondizi had humiliated Argentina internationally by catering to Castro. This rebuke became the opening scene in Frondizi's personal Appointment in Samarra.

The Kennedy Administration tolerates, even applauds, Sukarno and Tito, alleging them neutral. But when the Argentine Military remove a dangerously demagogic president and state that they will not condone the return of Communist-allied Peronism, they are reviled as dictators, anti-democratic despots, etc. The fact that they have proved themselves a barrier to anarchic chaos gains them no merit with the New Frontier.

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The Terrible Meaning of the Algerian Settlement

De Gaulle has one overriding ambition: to build a neutralist Third Force in Europe, no matter what the cost in blood or democratic institutions

THOMAS MOLNAR

American newspaper readers are justifiably bewildered about the events in France and Algeria; and the comments of the Liberal press hardly help dissipate the clouds of one-sided information. Yet it would be a mistake to dismiss the Algerian "decolonization" and its effects on the (step)-mother country as just another show in France's political circus. Rather, the issues are clear and the outcome predictable.

For one thing, in spite of his labyrinthine personality, de Gaulle never acted by whim but has pursued a clear objective: disengagement; for another thing, the Liberal press willfully confuses the issue by referring to men like Bidault, Soustelle, Challe and Salan as "subversives" and "extremists"; their only error was to misunderstand de Gaulle's Machiavellian tactics; their guilt, to remain loyal to Western ideals and interests. Only by eating the poisonous cuisine of *L'Express, France - Observateur,* and *Témoignage Chrétien* can our own leftists jubilate over the horrors which strike down these best of Frenchmen.

The seed of the present tragedy was planted during the war: it was the unconditional loyalty of thousands of leading Frenchmen to de Gaulle, the mystic liberator of France. This is why nobody understood in 1958 that the General's ambitions in Europe—to form a third, neutralist block—were, in his mind, incompatible with the task of carrying the weight of Algeria. His Nordic racism ("you are not of my race," he told Robert Abdesselam, Kabyle deputy and French gentleman), his contempt for the Moslem *clochards,* his hatred of the Algerian French made him scorn any solution but quick independence, granted, if necessary, to the devil himself. Ben Khedda was at hand.

Jacques Soustelle relates that the Council of Ministers never opposed the President's policy of kicking Algeria away from France. Debré, etc., were mere executives, while those who slowly understood, were charmed or forced into impotence. Yet the fatal misunderstanding of Gaullist intentions survived all the alarm signals: as late as April 1961, General Challe wanted merely to prove that Algeria was French and force de Gaulle to believe it; in June, Jules Monnerot wrote in a classic analysis of the situation that Algerian peace is impossible because Paris is unable "to deliver the merchandise and the FLN to take possession of it." Not even Monnerot envisaged at the time that de Gaulle would order his army to fight Frenchmen and would ally himself with Ben Khedda.

Yet this is what happened with the signature of the cease-fire. True, the FLN is still not installed in Algiers, but a kind of Quisling government has already taken over from the French, and Mr. Abdelrahmane Farès fills in for the GPRA. As in Suez, the West won the battle but lost the war; the FLN was beaten in the field, but it won at the UN and at Evian. The reputation of its army is growing, its officers train the Angolan rebels and Castro's militia. Tomorrow, the prestige of Ben Khedda, Ben Bella and Krim will be the greater precisely because their victory was torn from French hands, and was not the fruit of peaceful transfer as in Morocco and Tunisia. Who can doubt that the days of Bourguiba and King Hassan are counted? Who can doubt that not mere independence but *revolution* has come to the southern shores of the Mediterranean when Ben Bella declares in Cairo: "Our revolution and the agrarian reform will not even take the ten years they have taken in other socialist countries" (China, perhaps?).

Gaullist Hopes

What do the apologists of Gaullist policy say before this perspective? Two things: one is that the Algerian leaders, no matter how revolutionary in theory, will have to make of the country a going concern. They will have to use the expertise of the European minority, one million strong, a guarantee of friendly relations with France. This is, of course, the same dismal error our leftists make with regard to Castro or Souvanna Phouma. Ben Khedda & Co. have no peaceful evolution in mind, but brutal collectivization and terror. The Europeans will be massacred, persecuted and driven out; if kept, they will not be guarantors of peace but hostages for blackmail.

The second thesis of the Gaullists is that in the coming Algerian referendum all tendencies will be expressed, so that the new government will have to abide by democratic methods, a necessity in a multi-racial, multi-confessional land. Besides, the French Army will remain, in reduced numbers, to be sure, but guarding vital naval and air bases.

De Gaulle himself refused to let the other Algerian voices be heard at Melun, Lugrin, Evian; is it likely that a victorious FLN will act in a more democratic spirit? The racial and religious plurality will serve as an argument to enforce "cohesion" by means practiced from Peiping to Havana. As for the presence of the French Army: who will stop a sovereign government, parading at the

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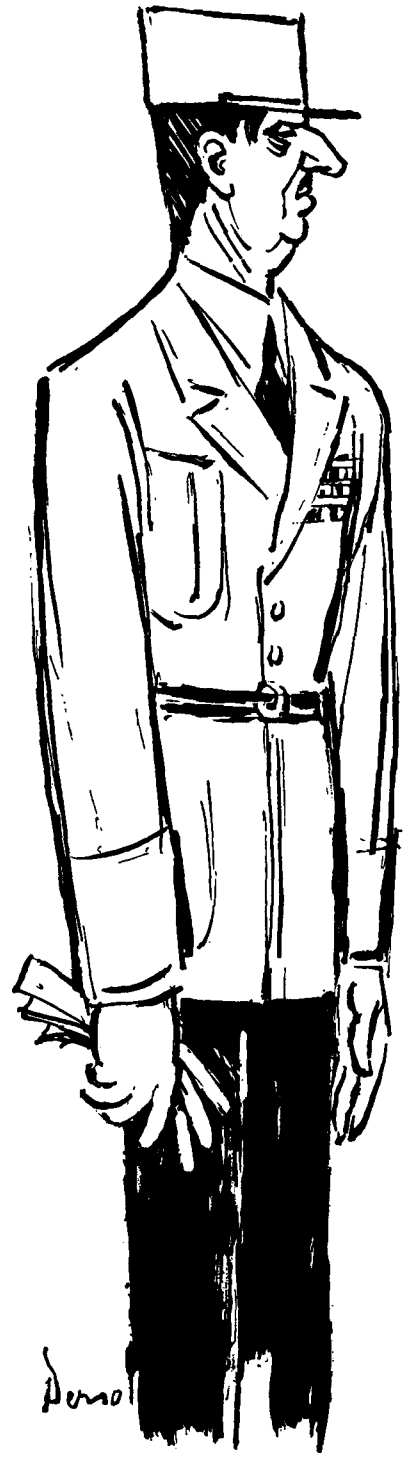
UN with the prestige of the latest-born socialist revolution, from demanding that the French leave and evacuate the bases? Any method to achieve this will be used: spectacular spy-trials like those that Nasser staged a few months ago; or an attack on Mers-el-Kebir, copied from Bourguiba's action at Bizerte last summer. We can be sure that such a course will be strongly backed by the Algerian Communist Party as well as by the French Communists whose leader, Maurice Thorez, declared: "We cannot say No to Ben Khedda."

OAS Errors

And the OAS? Like Challe, Salan too misjudged the situation and acted from the wrong premises. He and his officers believed the Army would never be ordered to fight them, and if so ordered, would disobey. They underestimated de Gaulle's impatience, Communist infiltration of the Army, and the psychological effects of the mere fact of a cease-fire. Salan did not believe he had adequate army support in France, but hoped that by becoming the *de facto* master of Algeria's nerve centers, he would compel the Army to remain benevolently neutral and Paris to back down.

He made two errors in his calculations: one lay in never even envisaging an invasion of France. French politics and history are made in Paris; neither Challe nor Salan understood the decisive importance of a *fait accompli* in the capital which would have rallied the hesitating to them. Officers of absolute integrity, they wanted to avoid a civil war; good republicans, they did not want to endanger the republican institutions; anti-Communists, they trusted that their objectives would be understood, their example followed.

Salan's second error lay in not associating his movement with a political goal. The Moslem majority was opposed to the FLN and rallied to it only for lack of an officially recognized and promoted alternative. Such an alternative, however, existed: with the responsible elements of the Moslem community who consider it suicidal for Algeria to be separated from France, the OAS could have constituted an Algerian Assembly and become its armed forces. They had the territory to de-



ploy civilian and military authority, the big cities and the coast, an integrated popular army of Christians, Moslems and Jews. The beginnings of a new State would thus have come into existence, surrounded with no more hostility than, let us say, Israel. The opportunity, ever since April 1961, was missed.

What happens in the newly independent states is, to a large extent, the reflection of the process of decomposition in Western nations. The events in Algeria are the symptoms of a much graver disease in France.

In his new book, *Hope Betrayed,* Soustelle calls the Gaullist regime a "dictatorship made tolerable by anarchy." Stalin could not deport all Ukrainians for lack of enough boxcars; nor can the French Government jail, prosecute and keep under surveillance half the population. But the arbitrary measures against them—whether army officers, housewives or high school students—indicate that the regime has embarked on a purge (*épuration*) of all anti-Gaullist elements, stamped "right-wing" for the purpose; a thorough and urgent purge because it centers on the army (and its supporters) which must be made an obedient tool of Gaullist policy. Also, the regime wants to have done with the housecleaning before the first waves of Algerian refugees arrive, whose feelings are not in doubt.

But how can I speak of half of the population being opposed to de Gaulle and to the Algerian "solution" when 90 per cent just gave him their confidence? We should bear in mind that the bulk of this figure comes from those who are indifferent or who voted not *for* the secession of Algeria but *against* civil war. Far more important, the figure includes the Communists and their neo-socialist fellow travelers (*Parti Socialiste Unifié*) who are, of course, opposed to de Gaulle but who can achieve their goals behind his broad political back and are protected by the very contempt he has for them.

"Opening to the Left"

Now the French Left, clustered around the Communists, never made a secret of its conviction that the victory of the FLN in Algeria is *their* victory in France. The enemy is the same: the Army, the conservatives of Pinay, the patriots, the anti-Communists, the independent, non-CGT (the Communist labor union) workers. Servan-Schreiber, Claude Bourdet, Duverger, Sartre, with such dupes as François Mauriac the writer, have seen in the Algerian war the last reckoning with the "forces of reaction." In 1958 they had their great fright. I well remember the alarm with which Duverger, Claude Bourdet, Domenach explained to me that de Gaulle was a dictator in the serv-

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ice of the military die-hards and the Rothschild banks. Their relief is understandedly great now, but their love for de Gaulle is less than moderate.

Can we doubt for a moment that all these will now unite to force an "opening to the Left" similar to the Fanfani-Nenni deal, and whose ultimate purpose is, as in Italy, a neutral Western Europe? At least, de Gaulle's concept of neutrality, however unrealistic, is inspired by anti-Communism, Franco-German cooperation, and Western defense; he cannot, of course, carry out this grand design with an army more demoralized than in 1940, with the anti-Communist backbone of France nearly destroyed, and with the bickering parties all but back in their pre-1958 position. In contrast, leftist neutralism is inspired by a kind of Titoism, by a doctrine which lets "a hundred socialist flowers bloom"—until Communism picks them all.

Liberal Heroes

André Malraux once called de Gaulle "the liberal hero." I think this expression is very apt and applicable not only to de Gaulle. The Liberal hero appears as a great and imaginative figure who understands the "wind of history," conceives it on basically Marxist lines, yet believes—he is a product of the Christian and humanist West—he can steer it away from the Communist solution.

In one way or another he insists on *purity* before confronting the enemy: he wants his country—and the West—to pay for its sins in a truly Liberal spirit: decolonization, retreat from the "peripheries," settling outstanding differences. He scorns anything but economic and cultural ties with former client nations.

Since he claims to have a unique historical insight, he has no real allies: he dismisses and persecutes those loyal to him (he sees "farther than they do"), and by weakening his camp, he leaves his flank open to his enemies. When he finally collapses, lesser Liberals (and illiberals) take over.

Perhaps we are not mistaken when we suspect that this is not merely a French phenomenon; and that the Liberal heroes hold in their hands the balance of the Western world.

Kremlinological Inexactitudes

Since the opening of the Soviet Communist Party Conference in Moscow, the Faculty of Speculative Sovietology at Twicester University has naturally been in a ferment of activity. Some of the most fruitful discussion took place at a seminar organized by Professor Bobolov (author of *Everyday Life in Russia, by Pure Deduction*), to study the three published versions of a phrase in Chou En-lai's speech referring to the Yangtse and Volga rivers: A: The friendship between China and the Soviet Union would last through the ages "like the waters of the Yangtse and the Volga rivers." B: There had been differences between the Chinese and Soviet parties, but "the Volga and the Yangtse flow in the same direction." C: There had been differences, but "*now* the Volga and the Yangtse flow in the same direction."

Czrynk: Only a very naive observer would imagine that this proliferation of versions is accidental. Coupled with the recent case of the party secretary in Rybinsk, who was quoted by the Rybinsk *Pravda* as saying that the socialist camp stood for peaceful coexistence, and by the Rybinsk *Kommunist* as saying that the socialist camp stood for *shrdlu gobfre Bdnam qwz,* it makes it clear that the terrible struggle for power within the highest cadres of the party is still raging.

Bobolov: Whichever version is correct, the meaning must have been painfully clear to Chou's audience. Since the Yangtse is considerably longer than the Volga, what he was saying was: "In the long run we are mightier than you, and you would do well not to oppose us in our policy towards Albania and our inclusion of Outer Mongolia in our zone of influence."

Skrushiatin: Bobolov's interpretation is quite resilient so far as it goes. But it overlooks one important geographical fact. The Volga and the Yangtse do *not* run in the same direction—the Volga flows south and the Yangtse east. This, of course, enables us to dismiss Version B immediately. Version C, however, now becomes blindingly clear. Up to now, Chou is saying the policy of the Soviet party has run southwards, *i.e.,* towards the sun, towards easy living, towards greater emphasis on light industry and consumer goods production. Chinese policy, on the other hand, has remained resolutely directed towards the east, *i.e.,* towards the dawn, that is to say, the dawn of Communism, ideological fundamentalism. But now, he says, now our two policies are to run parallel—the Volga is to come into line with the Yangtse. In other words, the struggle in the Kremlin is over—the moderate Khrushchev has been defeated by the extremists, Suslov and Malinovsky.

Pisch-Tushch: While I admire Skrushiatin's simple faith in the necessary correctness of the most obvious solution, I cannot share it. Perhaps I should point out to him that near Stalingrad the Volga does in fact flow east for some way. What Chou is saying is that Soviet policy is now *temporarily* in line with Chinese policy—that is to say, that Soviet policy is now at the stage which the Volga has reached in the neighborhood of Stalingrad. But at Kapustin Yar the Volga swings away to the south again. In other words, the path Russia is following will shortly turn away from China's. It will become more moderate, and we may take it that Suslov and Malinovsky have suffered a severe defeat.

Raschmann: Taken together with the highly significant omission of the Chinese from the list of people's democratic seed-potato representatives to whom fraternal greetings were sent in the September issue of *Red Potato,* the journal of the Saratov Seed-Potato Cooperative, this makes a pretty formidable case for the continued weakness of China's position.

Bobolov: I don't want to make wild speculations on a matter of such grave importance for the world, but I think we can safely predict that when the deputy-mayor of Kuibyshev, a loyal Khrushchev man through and through, opens the new maternity clinic there on Wednesday, his comments on the direction of flow in Albanian rivers will be extremely guarded.

MICHAEL FRAYN
Manchester Guardian

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The Third World War

Keep on the Premises

JAMES BURNHAM

The Administration of John F. Kennedy may well come to be known as the Verbalist (or Windbag) Era in American history. Among the men with whom Mr. Kennedy has surrounded himself are some of our most formidable wordslingers. Virtuosi like Arthur Schlesinger, Chester Bowles, Adlai Stevenson, Walter Heller and John Kenneth Galbraith can turn out a couple of thousand fashionable words in the time it takes an ordinary citizen to write "Having wonderful time, wish you were here" to his mother-in-law.

Every day or two a huge new message to Congress, White Paper, commission report or special memorandum on urban renewal, astronautics, recreation, medicare, transport or whatnot is proclaimed to the public. Nor are foreign affairs neglected in the tidal waves of words. Cuba, Berlin, Togoland and South America all get their generous quotas; and on disarmament alone the weight of Administration words is enough to swamp a library.

A skeptical onlooker—and there are doubtless a few such in some foreign offices—cannot help wondering whether words may not be, for the Kennedians, a substitute for, rather than an expression of, policy. Those who are verbalists by nature and training tend to feel their problem is finished—"solved"—when it gets complete verbal statement. Cuba is taken by the Schlesinger White Paper assault; transport troubles are ironed out by the report of the special commission; the world has disarmed after the three-stage sampling plan is released to the reporters in Geneva. The practical details can be turned over to the subordinates.

Two weeks ago we were informed by the official leakage channels that the document to cap all documents is nearing the end of its long voyage, under Walt Whitman Rostow's pilotage, through the corridors and committee rooms: a 300-page super-colossal Master Plan to govern U.S. strategy, tactics, manners and morals toward everything everywhere—the Verbal Era's equivalent of Messiah. At the news, we gathered, the Kremlin towers quavered.

It requires no Top Secret clearance to know of the Rostow Plan that: a) no one will have time even to read it, much less act on it; b) long before its bureaucratic processing will have been completed, it will be obsolete anyway, if anyone *should* by chance try to act on it; c) it will in any case make no difference whether anyone reads it or acts on it, because in all its 300 pages there will not be found the one paragraph for the lack of which all that Rostow and his colleagues have written is but straw: a paragraph—that is ample—stating unambiguously the nation's objective in the world situation which it presently confronts.

Question and Answer

Because it does contain that crucial paragraph, repeated, insisted upon, and pointed square at every reader by its title (*Why Not Victory?*, McGraw-Hill, $3.95), Barry Goldwater's new book, for all its modesty, is worth a thousand pretentious Plans, Messages, Research Reports and Committee Memoranda. "We are engaged in a death struggle with an enemy which is waging a new kind of total war and which has declared its intention to bury us. . . . We must recognize this war as a *war* . . . and we must win it. . . . The enemy is Communist ideology and power, and must be opposed . . . whether it exists in Yugoslavia, Moscow, East Berlin, or North Vietnam. . . . The rulers of the Kremlin are determined to master the world. . . . Victory over Communism must be the dominant, proximate goal of American policy."

With this estimate and goal as standard, Senator Goldwater exposes, simply and convincingly, the inadequacy of the popular gimmicks which the verbalists offer as substitutes for the multi-pronged, power-backed struggle to *win*: the United Nations, the International Court, foreign aid, economic reform, disarmament. "We must recognize that the affairs of nations are not determined by goodwill tours, alms-giving, gestures of self-denial, rehabilitation projects, and discussion programs. The affairs of nations are determined—for good or evil—*by power*."

Forward to Conclusions

In this book, then, Senator Goldwater strikes the proper posture, and states the correct premises without which every discussion on grand strategy is worthless. In this book, Senator Goldwater does not do very much more than that, nor has he done elsewhere. Up to now, Goldwater's relation to strategy and foreign policy has been rather Platonic: abstract, episodic, sometimes giving an almost dilettantish impression. Even in this present book, he identifies by name only one person (his colleague, Senator Fulbright) with the policies he is criticizing; it is too coy to refer to an unnamed "Fearful Foursome" among the President's advisers. He is expansive in recounting past sins, but sparse and over-generalizing about what should be done in the future.

To speak with authority on these matters, Senator Goldwater has not shown himself familiar enough with other nations—which in our day must be partly a matter of well-publicized travels to regions prominent in the public mind. Why doesn't he *go*, with plenty of drums beating, to the Congo, Vietnam, India, Belgrade, even Moscow? And Senator Goldwater has so far dealt with foreign policy issues on a sporadic, in-and-out basis, in a speech here or an interview there as chance beckoned. He has not yet mounted the kind of focused, sustained campaign on a key issue—nuclear tests, Cuba, Berlin, UN bonds, disarmament or some other target of his choosing—that is the only way to exert significant influence on either public opinion or actual policy.

Why Not Victory? is, then, only a starter. Precisely because it is so right in posture and premises, it should be made the take-off for a long and serious operation by which Senator Goldwater can prove his right to be Commander-in-Chief.

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Special Report

High Stakes in Rhodesia

Rhodesia can be saved from the fate of the Congo if Whitehall stands firm, says Sir Roy Welensky; if not, he predicts the end for the white man in Africa

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

Salisbury, South Rhodesia

His massive, prizefighter's shoulders hunched over the long table in his office, Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, spelled out to me the African reality. "You can't talk democracy to people in the sense we understand when they are living on a standard well below what an American would spend to keep a dog."

Sir Roy's problem is how to keep the Federation alive when the British government is determined to give Northern Rhodesia an overdose of democracy that could be fatal. In his effort to do so he has dissolved parliament and called new elections later this month.

"I think the American people ought to understand," he said, "that 90 per cent of our people are several hundred years behind us in civilization. Our aim is not to bring us down to their level but to bring them up to our level. And that is a colossal undertaking. With events on this continent the belief has grown that all you need for government is the vote. Economics, social advancement, industrial development in the main are seldom appreciated by any African leader. But our aim is to bring these people up."

When I asked him what the United States government could do to help the cause of civilization in Africa, Sir Roy replied: "I think the American government can stop encouraging the belief that democracy is the only system of government that can work in every part of the globe. Charity is no solution to African problems. I hope the experience of the last two years will make people pause and think. We have seen an example in the Congo of what can happen if independence is advanced at breakneck speed. It is nonsense to suggest that he [the African] can bridge the gap of centuries in a few years. It is unfair to him and everyone else."

The Welensky middle way for Central Africa is to abolish racial barriers while, at the same time, keeping high voter qualifications. Government services have been racially integrated, and public facilities—hotels, swimming baths and theaters in Salisbury, for instance—have been opened to both races.

Danger Foreseen

But while walking the road of moderation, the Welensky government is determined not to permit a repetition of the Congo tragedy. The danger, he said, is that the "revolt against colonialism has become something more than a struggle by dependent peoples to control their own affairs. It has become a racial crusade."

"The laws which some are seeking to apply to this country," said Sir Roy, "are the laws of the jungle, which are gradually encroaching and destroying many parts of Africa. For my part, I see no reason why we should ever allow that jungle to engulf our country."

Sir Roy—a self-made man (his father was a Polish Jew, his mother an Afrikaner)—speaks for the Europeans who transformed the Rhodesias from a wilderness to one of the fairest regions of Africa. The 300,000 Europeans in the Federation are Rhodesians; many of them third-generation Rhodesians. Their roots are deep in this land. One Rhodesian I spoke with undoubtedly expressed the view of all. "You see that house over there?" he asked. "Well, it's my home. And I don't intend to give it up simply because some bloody politician in Ghana says I must."

The phrase "bloody politician" is as liberally applied to Whitehall as to Accra. Rhodesians believe—and there's plenty of evidence to support it—that the Macmillan government regards them as expendable.

The immediate crisis in Federation affairs results from proposed constitutional changes submitted by the Macmillan government for the protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The changes would permit native majorities in both areas. Sir Roy Welensky has declared that allowing native majorities in the territories would result in breakup of the Federation, and vows to oppose any such action. Dr. Hastings Banda, native political leader in Nyasaland, is on record as insisting on withdrawal from the Federation although Nyasaland is a region without the means of self-support; it is an economically viable unit only when conjoined with Northern Rhodesia.

African rule, the white Rhodesians believe, means a Congo-type government. It means more of the hut-burning and nationalist terrorism that makes the lives of natives in Nyasaland hideous. Rhodesian officials point out that Northern Rhodesia's copper belt is one of the great strategic assets of the West—an asset that the Communists want to control. They also emphasize that Northern Rhodesia is a necessary buffer state for Southern Rhodesia against ter-

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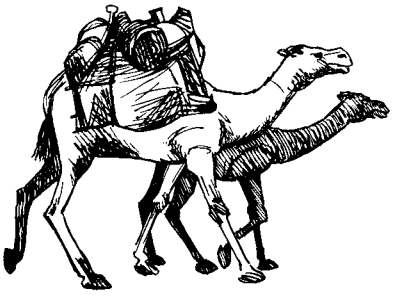
rorism or invasion from the Congo. Rhodesians claim African nationalists in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland are receiving funds from Nasser's Egypt for political agitation. Natives who won't obey the orders of extremists have gasoline bombs thrown on the roofs of their huts.

Self-Defense

While the federal government continues to defend itself in the arena of world opinion, it has not neglected the ultimate means of self-defense—armed forces.

I visited the new army compound outside of Salisbury where the Rhodesian Light Infantry battalion is based. The morning I arrived, a ready company was on the alert for possible action. The company commander, a veteran of the anti-Communist fighting in Malaya, had his Land Rover in front of company headquarters with his motor running. "I can move out within fifteen minutes," he said. "And if we are to move by air, I may need another ten minutes to pack our loads for aircraft."

This unit is one of seven battalions in the Rhodesian Army, a force that includes an armored car squadron



and a paratroop command. Weapons include the new NATO rifle, Bren machine guns, mortars and other first-rate military materials. No army in Africa has so many officers with such a wide range of combat experience from fighting in Palestine to Malaya. And the training schedule of the Rhodesian Light Infantry testifies to the "ready" character of these forces. In rotation, companies are airlifted to remote parts of the Federation for realistic exercises.

The Royal Rhodesian Air Force is well-equipped and combat-ready. The eight squadrons in the air command include Canberra jet bombers, Vampire jet fighters, Dakota transport, Alouette helicopters and piston-powered close-support planes armed with machine guns and smoke bombs.

The danger in the Rhodesias is that British and American opinion won't understand that the Welensky government really intends to hold the line. Unquestionably, some minor modifications in existing arrangements for Northern Rhodesia would be agreed to by Sir Roy. But insofar as over-all control of the country is concerned, nothing is likely to change. The Macmillan government is looking for a quick "out" in Central Africa. But the Rhodesias aren't another Kenya, whence less deeply rooted settlers—far fewer in number—expect to flee. The situation here is very different. As one Rhodesian said to me, "There are 300,000 Europeans here who don't expect to be run out of the country or surrender it piecemeal."

The Rhodesias constitute a real test case of whether the European has any future in Africa. Sir Roy Welensky puts it this way: "Should this great adventure [of Federation] fail, then not only on this continent but farther afield it would have to be accepted that people of different color cannot live together in amity in a single state."

A Global Garden of Verses

W. H. VON DREELE

Party Talk

At parties, when the talking veers
To atom bombs and New Frontiers,
Inevitably, in the room
A fellow's lowering the boom
On my "simplistic-thinking" head
For choosing *dead* instead of Red.
"Lord Russell says . . ." and "Have
you read
About the Hiroshima dead?"
Since Pauling's figures are "clear-cut,"
Then "Doctor Teller is a nut!"
I get the lot. But when he's through
I seldom turn morose or blue;
(And, lady, even Paar or Gore—
On testing—is a crashing bore.)
Instead, I toast his subterfuge
En Français: Plutôt mort que Rouge!

Couch Session

DOCTOR: Reconztruct ze tream.
PATIENT: But it's so *extreme.*
DOCTOR: Morals don't exist
Mit ze zychoanalyst!
PATIENT: OK, doctor. Here's
How my nightly dream appears . . .
Cheddi Jagan, slim and sleek,
Visited the States to seek
Yankee know-how: *gringo* dough,
For his socialistic show.
"Actually," Cheddi said,
"I'm a Marxist, not a Red.
No one tells *me* what to do,
Even with my I.O.U."
Rusk and Rostow heard him out.
(Dillon never had a doubt.)
Bundy said he was impressed.
Schlesinger advised: "Invest!"
By the time he got to Jack,
Cheddi had the inside track.
(In my dream, he's running well,
Like that "socialist," Fidel.)
Doctor, can you kill this dream?
DOCTOR: *Nein!* Dot's *too* extreme!

Memories, Memories

When I was one-and twenty,
Good heavens, how I voted!
Progressives were in favor, and
The Stalinists, promoted.
I studied Harold Laski;
I read John Maynard Keynes.
The *Nation* and *New Masses* were
My favorite magazeynes.
All races intermingled in
My melting pot of bliss.
(If insecure, the cure was sure:
Psychoanalysis.)
Well, now I'm pushing forty.
And groggy from the gaff.
I'm flushing Mrs. Roosevelt
And signing up with YAF!

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Federal Nurseries

Among the odder proposals of President Kennedy and Secretary Ribicoff to the present Congress is the recommendation that the Federal Government put up large sums of money to provide nurseries for the children of working mothers. Although there is small danger that House and Senate will embrace this grand design, still the scheme deserves some comment, as a specimen of the curiously archaic character of the New Frontier.

Kirk

Representative Martha Griffiths, a Liberal Democrat of Michigan, has protested vehemently against this proposal, on the ground that such a federal grant would be a mere subsidy to employers, who ought to pay their female help more, enabling them to find their own baby-sitters. While there is some justice in the concept that women ought to contract for their own nurseries, out of normal earnings, nevertheless Congresswoman Griffiths does not touch upon the heart of the matter.

In fine, the truth is that if we are going to subsidize mothers at all, we ought to subsidize them *not* to work. One of the principal causes of juvenile delinquency, especially during and since the Second World War, has been the neglect of children by their working mothers. Left adrift to form into gangs and satisfy boredom by vandalism and violence when their parents are at the factory, such children grow up scarcely educated (for real education begins at home), contemptuous of their elders, ignorant of order, and almost loveless. During the war, we had some excuse for this neglect—hard necessity. No such excuse exists now.

For with unemployment rising, automation supplanting mere manual and routine labor, and talk of a work-week of thirty or even twenty-five hours, there remains no economic justification for inducing mothers to work away from the home, except in cases of very unusual skills or the absence of a father. If our society can afford to subsidize all sorts of boondoggles, it certainly can afford *not* to subsidize the employment of mothers.

And writing of subsidies, it is a symptom of our modern folly that the Washington people set up expensive programs to combat juvenile delinquency — psychiatrists, counsellors, youth centers, and all that—at the very time they contemplate an effective subsidized *increase* of delinquency through encouraging more mothers to leave the home for the factory. This is quite as logical as the Federal Government's policy, simultaneously, of taking vast tracts of land out of cultivation through the Soil Bank and acreage restrictions, and bringing new land into cultivation through grandiose Western irrigation-projects. One might as well bail a boat with a sieve.

Tocqueville's Prediction

And if there were any case for large-scale public nurseries, why should we turn to the federal treasury? If these could not be paid for from ordinary fees, private benefaction, local governmental grants, or even state subsidies—or conducted by churches and other voluntary organizations—this nation would indeed be at the end of its economic tether. For Washington to pay even the wages of nursemaids would be conclusive proof that the old American territorial democracy had been supplanted by a centralized "democratic despotism."

This preceding phrase is Tocqueville's. Late in the nineteenth century, it had become a fashionable witticism in France to murmur, as if imitating a reactionary old gentleman, "As M. de Tocqueville remarks. . . ." But times have changed, and no longer is Tocqueville treated as a false timorous prophet given to melancholy vaticinations. Democratic despotism has taken on flesh in our century.

So it is worth recalling that Tocqueville predicted the coming of a vast and nominally beneficent regime, democratic in name, which would be all things to all men, supervising their concerns, providing for their wants, and regulating their lives from cradle to grave. And Tocqueville knew that this domination would be insufferable to the finer and more energetic natures. Keeping all human beings in perpetual childhood, this omnicompetent government would offer them everything—except the possibility of ever becoming adults, true men and women. This would be a new and universal servitude, obliterating all the risks— and all the hopes—of mankind. People never would be permitted to come to man's estate.

A heavy collectivism—aye, and a general slavery not mild—can commence in the nursery. Soviet Russia, from the beginning, operated a vast system of nurseries for the children of working mothers—and used the opportunity to indoctrinate the children in Marxist attitudes. It should be said that the Communists had the excuse of needing female labor under the Five-Year-Plans—which we Americans have not. And even in the Soviet states, in recent years, there has been official retrenchment as to this nursery-scheme, for the commissars have discovered that, after all, no one can rear a child as can a mother. Soviet Russia, too, has severe problems of juvenile delinquency.

In his romance *Seven Days in New Crete,* Mr. Robert Graves predicts that in the fullness of time, there will be but two dominations in the world: Neo-Communism in Russia, and Communism in the United States. The Soviet Russians have abolished income tax and inheritance tax. It would be ironical if, as the Communists moved toward some humanizing of family relationships, we Americans set up a design for making a great number of our children wards of Washington.

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Two Poems

MATTHEW MEAD

Ballade of the Spectre of Communism

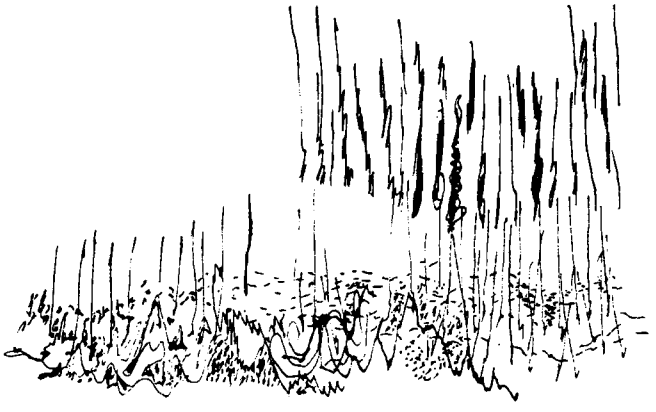
"A spectre is haunting Europe—the spectre of Communism."
—Communist Manifesto, 184ℰ

ballistic missiles now incline
to intercontinental raid,
straight to the moon the party line
through clouds of sodium has strayed,
live Communists all lands parade
and drive a ghost to haunt instead
beyond the final barricade
the dead which are already dead.

farewell to purge and plot malign
to brother killed and friend betrayed
to monolithic state and shrine
to talk of war and terms of trade
to superstructures which have swayed—
Engels and Marx await my tread
where all is withered, where are laid
the dead which are already dead.

none infiltrates to undermine
the sure foundations of that shade,
there deviating dusts combine
and in one bloc are equal made,
"jackal," "hyena," "renegade"
lie down together in one bed,
no dialectic has dismayed
the dead which are already dead.

kumrad do not—the colors fade,
not even you look really red—
disturb when digging with that spade
the dead which are already dead.



The Copyist

Not with the gift of frost, fire-delicate on the pane
—Leaf, stem and flower transcribed:

"See here the fingers,
All summer and spring remembered,
Here set in white, diamond on glass,
Crystal built in tints of white,
Here the budding, here the full leaf. . ."

Not with that gift; stiffly his fingers trace
Through sham and sweat
a still-life without reflection;
Or lose touch as memory shifts, corrupt,
through the half-thaw of noon
in lukewarm meditation;
Or an opaque pattern
of transparency
melts under the hand.

And cold is the element; his fate
To move where nothing stirs
But shiver and apprehension,
To speak with imprecision
of elusive colour;
He comes cold, through many summers
To sign "Anon."
Under a fur hood
Indifferent eyes, clouded breath:
"Unless the words dance
you have done nothing."

Tongue-tip and finger-tip touch silence, zero.

Filigree leaf and star must draw the light
To their design,
Dead rhythms of darkness
Dance through halls of flame.
Night must sing in the dawn crystal
And when the pane is blind with light

All this must be set down.

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Eureka! That Sino-Soviet Split

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

Having been applied with a singular lack of success to the Soviet Union, the "science" of Kremlinology is now being used on China. The results are similar. Evidently neither group—Kremlinologist or Sino-Kremlinologist—has ever heard of the "best evidence rule." The votaries gather thousands of little pieces of pseudo-evidence which they fit to a Procrustean model. Then when the book is too heavy to lift and too dull to read, they shout "Eureka!"

Our current eureka-shouters have discovered a conflict (also termed a "titanic battle") between the USSR and Communist China. Now let it be said at once that there is some evidence of an old-fashioned factional dispute within international Communism. The question, "When is a dispute a conflict or a split or a battle?" is not answered on the evidence being presented by the Sino-Kremlinologists. They may assert that a dispute is a conflict—and this may be enough for the Harrison Salisbury claque which has the Chinese invasion of Siberia coming any day now. It can hardly satisfy the serious observer.

Donald S. Zagoria seems to be quite serious and his book is virtually unreadable. (I *did* read it and recommend it as a form of penance to other sinners.) Zagoria's judgments are the meat of his work. Without his judgments, the book is simply a quotation collection. It is necessary, then, to examine the reliability of his judgments. He ignores the Tibetan revolt of 1959; he describes Anna Louise Strong simply as an "American journalist"; and he believes that the Chinese Communists liberated their homeland. These and similar judgments may not disqualify Zagoria as an interpreter of Sino-Soviet texts but they certainly serve to put the reader on guard. Especially so when he explains what Mao meant, reveals what Khrushchev really meant, and provides dubious exegeses on the dicta of Chu Teh, Liu Shao-ch'i and Lord knows whom else. The reader's guard is further intensified by his dependence on such insiders of the Sino-Soviet dialogue as the periodicals *Link, Blitz,* the *Guardian,* and the *Observer,* and such Communist court confidants as Rush, Crankshaw, Lowenthal and the Grusons.

The Sino-Soviet Conflict, by Donald S. Zagoria. Princeton, $8.50

China and her Shadow, by Tibor Mende. Coward-McCann, $5.00

Unity and Conflict: Major Aspects of Sino-Soviet Relations, edited by Kurt London. Praeger, $7.50

The Future of Communist Society, edited by Walter Laqueur and Leopold Labedz. Praeger, $7.50

What Zagoria appears to have done is to dream up a thesis—the Chinese and the Soviets are not getting along—and then to attempt to find evidence, however unapt, to support it. That the Warsaw correspondent of the *New York Times* happens to agree with his thesis doesn't really help to prove it. All this is most unfortunate because we should attempt to exploit to our advantage any serious difficulty that may exist in the Communist camp. But first we had better understand the nature of the difficulty. Zagoria's conjectures are of little help to this end. More broadly based scholarship might raise the level from speculation to appraisal. Zagoria, in fact, might be the researcher to do just that if he could overcome the constriction of his method (or methodology, as he prefers to call it) by applying the measure of relevance instead of succumbing to the cult of massiveness and citationism.

WHERE Zagoria is a thoroughgoing Kremlinologist (*genus sinica*), Tibor Mende is simply naive. When the Chinese Communists entertained him on sweet and sour they captured the most credulous Westerner since Montgomery. The Taiwan Straits adventures which Zagoria cites as evidence of "the split," were to Mende masterly diplomatic actions attesting the solidity of Sino-Soviet collaboration. The Lowell Thomas visit to Tibet in 1949, he avers, gave the Chinese good reason to believe that the West might intervene there. The "agrarian reforms" of the Communists were necessary and would probably have been applied by any other government. Collectivization in China was worked with little violence and the violence that was used was necessary. The decision to deprive the consumer of goods was natural in order to extract surpluses. In China today, logic rules. Mao Tse-tung advanced bloodlessly in the field of agriculture. China has a bloodless form of terrorism. Mao has banished famine. And so on.

Mende appears to be willing to believe anything so long as it is favorable to the Chinese Communists. He cannot bring himself to believe that there is any serious conflict with the USSR, and he cites many of Zagoria's texts to prove the opposite of what Zagoria strove to demonstrate. There is no dispute, no conflict, no split—simply immaculate unity for "heroic" ends.

Mende is of small help in understanding the nature of the difficulties between the Pekingese and the Muscovite. Of much more help is the collection of essays edited by Kurt London. Although it has the irregularity of most collections, it examines the dispute, or lack of dispute, much more thoughtfully and usefully. The essays range from solid

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(Black, Onoe, Shiller) through sensible (Brzesinski, London) and surprising (Sherwani) to silly.

Brzesinski seems best to have distilled the essence of the dispute. He says that the nature of it is such that either party to the dispute can win its point only if both parties remain united on larger issues. Both the Soviets and the Chinese recognize the necessity of the larger unity if the smaller disputes are to be settled.

None of London's collaborators is a drumbeater of the imminence of a Chinese break with Moscow, and most of the essays can be read with profit.

While the Laqueur and Labedz collection is concerned chiefly with various elements of the building of Communism in the USSR, the very rate and manner of building Communism are matters at issue in the "titanic battle," so that the essayists are forced to consider at least this aspect of Sino-Soviet relations. It is not astonishing that the verdict comes down on the side of the Zagoria thesis since Zagoria is the Pangloss employed on the subject. One economist, however, compares Soviet and Chinese development strategies and finds no essential differences "in objectives, in ideology or in the institutional framework"—with the exception of the communes. Well said—and who does not admit that the Chinese have made real attempts to alter their ideological statements about the communes so that these statements now appear to be in concert with Soviet desires?

Once again, however, it must be said that something other than innocent charity is in the air between Moscow and Peiping. At present it appears to be scarcely more than a "non-antagonistic contradiction." The Moscow-Peiping axis does not seem likely to collapse from the weight of its factional disputes. Other pressures are required.

Beckett and Kenner, Tandem

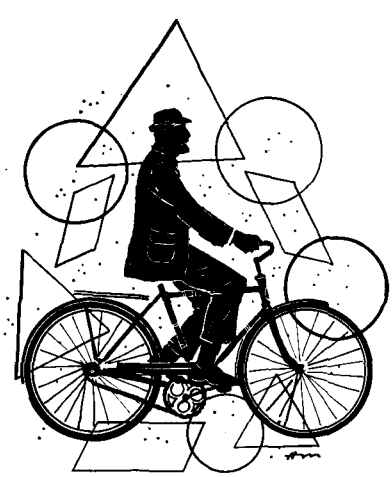
GUY DAVENPORT

THERE ARE few intellectual encounters as engaging as the most accomplished critic of the age sustaining

Samuel Beckett, A Critical Study, by Hugh Kenner. Grove Press, $5, cloth; $1.95, paper

for 200 pages a brilliant analysis of the subtlest comic imagination of our time. Hugh Kenner has written his best book about Samuel Beckett, just when it would seem improbable that anyone could write a more succinct literary study than Mr. Kenner's own *Wyndham Lewis*, or a more beautifully controlled book than his *Eliot*, or a more conclusive one than his *Dublin's Joyce* or a more pioneering one than his *Poetry of Ezra Pound*. Yet his *Beckett*, utterly different from these other studies except in the lithe muscle of its prose, takes its place as a masterpiece in the Kenner canon (eight books, 100 essays, a dozen stints as editor of others' books; age of author, 38; occupation, teacher). And there are rumors of a book to come soon on William Carlos Williams, another on Romantic poetry, another on the entire complex of writing catalyzed by the sixty-year tutelage of Ezra Pound. The critical world has nothing to equal this.

In the mathematical center of *Samuel Beckett* we come upon a nameless figure on a bicycle, placidly pedaling in Edwardian dignity, inscrutable. He moves with gyrostatic grace upon "the machine that runs by the power of arithmetic," Kirkpatrick MacMillan of Dumfries' harmony of the entire physics book, the bicycle. "Consider the cyclist as he passes," Mr. Kenner bids us in a passage that will become famous in American writing. "Here Euclid achieves mobility: circle, triangle, rhombus. . . ." Here man charges his pride one more ingenious way to manifest his percentage of divinity. The man on the bicycle is any of Beckett's characters' concept of a philosopher-king, lyrical mobility upon the last human concentrate of technical knowledge. For a dozen pages the English language is coerced into behaving like a trim Raleigh on fine macadam, until the bicycle, like the "terrible crystal" of Ezekiel's vehicular angel whose spirit lived in wheels, stands understood to our astonished comprehension.



So with every subject from Mr. Kenner's typewriter: we are made to see. We are not argued with, we are not professorially offered suggestions; we are shown the subject with authority, patience, clarity. No one else could have written about the Beckett bicycle in this way; one wonders who among the critics would have seen the necessity of writing about the bicycle at all. No one else could have written the critical study *Samuel Beckett*.

The bicycle, which all of Beckett's characters have lost or are too stricken to ride, is modern man's technological context. To be outside technology is to be derelict; hence the grand clowns, tattered, talking pertinently, who people the novels and plays. Only the derelict are free to discourse, uncompromised by ulterior motives. The Cartesian Centaur, as Mr. Kenner calls the symbiotic man-machine (housewife - automobile, little girl-velocipede) is our age's composite vehicle. The Greeks put all that was exclusively man, hips up, upon the operative part of a horse and locked in an image all excellence from the Parthenon friezes to the shying of the first horse at a Model T. "Chivalry" is a horserider's concept. The rear-wheel-driven bike was invented the same year that Níkolaus Otto gave us the internal combustion engine (Mr. Beckett is aware of the master cyclist Godeau, even now traversing France) and we who are waiting shall enquire into the

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chivalry of his machine. What, Mr. Godot, is it all about?

Hugh Kenner's first book, *Paradox in Chesterton,* was received by an unsuspecting world in total silence. The student of *Finnegans Wake* is hereby tipped off to look it up. And the student of Chesterton and Kenner. Here Mr. Kenner's type of book is born: all irrelevances, especially biography and anecdote, are cleaned away. Even the author's motives and obsessions are disregarded. We are taken directly to the real accomplishment. Nowhere is the Falstaffian, Goliardic Chesterton hinted at, nowhere the jolly Catholic; Chesterton as master of paradox is analyzed relentlessly, until we understand him plain and whole. "When one writes," Hugh Kenner told an Italian interviewer in 1956, "there is, or should be, always a subject before one, a block of extant material on which one is reporting, and the duty of exposing its nature takes precedence over methods of applying an elegant finish or harrying or startling one's reader. . . . Curiosity leads one into the subject, not into the compromises of an entertainer. One pays people the compliment of supposing that they will be interested in an honest report on something real."

The Poetry of Ezra Pound has stood the test of a decade, and students feel the necessity of knowing it well. The Lewis study was greeted; its every line constituted a discovery for most of us. The studies of Eliot and Joyce, coming into well-staked claims with superior equipment, better maps, and a keener nose for gold, clashed with the established mediocrities. They are the best books we have on Eliot and Joyce; and the latter may be the finest critical book of our time. Silence, numb silence one feels, has surrounded too much of Mr. Kenner's work. A collection of essays on contemporary literature, *Gnomon,* has had slow going in recognition. A great pity; it is probably the best unread critical book of our generation.

THE classic moment for the twentieth century is the year 1910. An age ended (Tolstoy, Mark Twain, O. Henry, Alexander Agassiz died that year); an age began. All art changed. It is post-1910 art that Hugh Kenner has set himself to inspect (for nine or ten books anyway). He is not constructing anything so weak as a "series." Each of his books is written as if it were his only chance to report everything he knows about literature. Each book is a self-contained theory of writing, for each study is a complete inspection of a writer whose achievement is singular and intricate. Most of what there is to be known about modern prose styles is in *The Poetry of Ezra Pound.* All there is to be known about the hierarchical nature of literature (original style, transmutation in parody, impotent imitation, cynical exploitation, "best seller") is in *Dublin's Joyce.* There is no need to waste space animadverting on what some well-known critics look like when compared with Mr. Kenner.

Beckett performs its task as other Kenner studies have. Samuel Beckett's work reached America backwards, plays first. *Waiting for Godot* had charmed Europe; word got around that it was new, "existential," apocalyptic. College stages saw it. Then more plays. Grove Press obligingly brought out the novels—the finest comic novels since Smollett. (Why Grove has not published *More Pricks than Kicks,* the early cycle of stories, it is maddening to guess.) Then the usable image began to grow: a despairing comedian, an accomplished saprologist, a connoisseur of the absurd, probably deep.

Random Notes

● MOVIES: With Joyce's *Ulysses* about to go onto celluloid, everybody seems to have noticed suddenly that it's comic. Jack Cardiff, who will direct the movie, is looking for "a younger Charlie Chaplin" to play Leopold Bloom. We suggest Zero Mostel, whose impersonation of Bloom in the off-Broadway *Ulysses in Nighttown* was as good an interpretation as any of the critics have adumbrated. And the Philadelphia actor Aram Agazarian, who, as far as we know, is the only other actor to have played Bloom, could handle the part, too. And we realize that we give advice to the Land of Never Never, where Gregory Peck can be Captain Ahab. . . . Mary Parr, of Milwaukee, has just published *James Joyce: The Poetry of Conscience* (Inland Press, $5.90) in which her "discovery of Chaplin in Bloom is . . ." but we blush to print the blurb, as her publishers don't seem to be aware of what is common knowledge in Hollywood, the notes of sophomores, several continents, and a few islands. . . . Orson Welles returns to the movies as a director—of Kafka's *The Trial.*

● BOOKS: For those interested in the days when St. Louisans met either at the Hegel or the Browning Society and Vachel Lindsay wore a kerchief and sombrero, Ethel King's *Reflections of Reedy* (Rickard, $2.75), an account of *Reedy's Mirror,* one of the livelier papers of the Cuspidor Era, and of William Marion Reedy (1862-1920) who ran it.

● CURRENT: The letters of Raymond Chandler, the late master of the tough tec, edited by Dorothy Gardiner and Katherine Sorley Walker, *Raymond Chandler Speaking* (Houghton, $4). . . . Henri Perruchot's *Cézanne,* the second volume of a trilogy about Impressionist painting (World, $6). The first volume, about Toulouse-Lautrec, was reviewed and recommended by us last year.

Surprises to await impatiently: Maria Edgeworth's novel about Irish estates and landlords, *The Absentee* (1812), has been dramatized by Marianne Moore and will be published by the House of Books, New York, in their crown octavo series.

Wyndham Lewis' letters will come out soon in England and, one hopes, in the U.S. . . . And Vladimir Nabokov's first novel since *Lolita,* said to be "the answer to the best kept literary secret in years" and titled *Pale Fire,* will be published by Putnam.

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The verve with which Mr. Kenner sidesteps these received notions is part of his éclat.

In *Beckett* we are taken immediately into the nature of novels, and why Beckett, Joyce's artistic heir, chose to write them. Then we are shown why Beckett has schooled himself in Cartesian philosophy, in the Latin prose of Geulincx, in bicycles and dying bodies, in Proust; in fact, we are served as only a real critic can help us in our reading: by performing analysis upon a text until its structure is x-rayed, until its rhythm is as familiar as a tune in our heads, until its implications (as of the Cartesian nature of bicycles in a context of uniformly immobilized protagonists) are thought through for as far as it is profitable to pursue them. And all this is a prose tempered by Beckett's (whose sentences have no rival except those of Tom Nash and Tobias Smollett), so that the eye doesn't bump at the quotations. Civilization is looking up.

To Find the Self

GARRY WILLS

I CANNOT TRACE, with any sort of adequacy, the tight line of argument that fills this little book to the bursting point with ideas. It is not everyone's meat, but those with teeth for it should not miss the opportunity of encountering a first-rate mind at work on the most elusive yet important problems in metaphysics. Therefore I shall give a summary, even if it is little more than a series of subject-headings.

The Metaphysics of Love, by Frederick D. Wilhelmsen. Sheed and Ward, $3.50

Man is not the vertical animal of the humanist boast. He leans, at perilous degrees of instability, toward nothingness—the self-annihilation of despair or dissolution, embraced under the external menace of annihilation, death. He also leans toward others, in love. This love is not something added to man. It alone completes him, gives him some stability. By giving himself away, man begins to possess a fulfilled humanity. Ecstacy, or standing-outside-oneself, is the *only* way man stands. There is only ek-stasis, never a simple human stasis. The leaning toward annihilation Wilhelmsen treats as tragedy, the leaning toward others as ecstacy; and both these attitudes are studied as conditioned by history.

In the last section of the book, he discusses Paul Tillich's contention that non-being enters into the elusive *now* and *this* of being, making reality a dialectic interplay of being and non-being. Mr. Wilhelmsen repeats the logical objection, as old as Plato's *Sophist*, to the concept of non-being, but he admits that logic may not have the last word here. And so, in the very terms of human anxiety that Tillich invokes, Wilhelmsen shows that accepting the construct "non-being" does not equip man for the defense or enjoyment of being. He answers both the metaphysical and psychological problems posed by Tillich with the Christian concept of man's *contingency*. We do not experience non-being, but rather not-having-to-be: our presence on the scene of reality is a continuing miracle of creation. We are sustained by God's instant gift of ourselves to us, renewed at every moment. This truth makes it possible for us to find in our every insecurity and insubstantiality a boast and a ground for gratitude, turning the fall toward tragedy into the stance of love. The "lean" that Mr. Wilhelmsen first discussed is nothing other than contingency. And the paradox of love, in which we find ourselves by giving ourselves, has its roots in our very make-up. We have a *self* only by our participation in an *other*, in the gift of existence. The existentialists are therefore right in sensing man's division from himself; Tillich is right in finding no ground for stable existence in man's own sealed essence; but the despair that these reflections open up for modern man can be countered with the truth that man's lack of a ground in himself indicates a goal outside himself. Our very need proclaims our capacity.

Plato: theory of forms

THIS IS not an easy book, but it is a rewarding one. It introduces some important refinements on the normal neo-Thomist analysis of being, and indicates further possibilities for the mutual enrichment of Thomism and existentialism. It might seem petty to complain about minor features after we have been treated to such a sound and stimulating argument. But it is the possibility that some will not receive the gift, because of the package it comes in, that disturbs me. Mr. Wilhelmsen rightly refuses to play with philosophical terms in a void. He argues passionately, with unashamed rhetoric, about the historical sources of man's knowledge, the crises that man's mode of being causes, and the need to resolve these conflicts with a knowledge that is not barrenly technical. Unfortunately, he lets this involve him in sweeping generalizations of the "cultural-history" type, generalizations even more than ordinarily suspect—*e.g.*, that the Renaissance was not interested in portraiture; that St. Paul's Cathedral reflects Catholic virtues; that Cervantes is the best exponent of the Renaissance's inner division (poor Shakespeare); that Homer's Achilles finally submerges his individuality in community.

If such observations were simply disjunct products of haste, they might repel careful readers without seriously impairing the book's cogency. But there is a deeper source of Mr. Wilhelmsen's errors of judgment in the realm of history. Because of his laudable conviction that philosophy is a human, historical endeavor, he looks for the results of theory in life. These results undoubtedly occur, but they are blurred by a thousand factors. Man rarely lives entirely true to his own ideas; other pressures, internal and external, divert or obstruct his course. A truly existential analysis would allow for all these pressures. But Mr. Wilhelmsen tends to see the whole of the classical era as shaped retrospectively by Plato's theory of forms, and the whole of the Middle Ages as an expression of Thomist realism. Thus his historical

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judgments come out in unreal blacks and whites: the classical world was uniformly dreary, the Middle Ages uniformly gay. So directly does he look for the consequences of ideas that he ventures, in a disastrous footnote, to compare Thomist realism to Dewey's brand of pragmatism—as if the practical consequences of ideas were the test and criterion of their validity.

Such an attitude, expressed with rhetorical enthusiasm and rushing to ill-grounded readings of history, may blind men to the solidity and scope of the main metaphysical argument. This is especially true in an age when philosophers too easily become, and are judged as, sociological essayists (Ortega, Camus, Maritain, Santayana, Unamuno). In fact, the trend toward the philosophical essay (or even the public-private journal) is a reflection of the Renaissance stress on "personality," an idiosyncrasy that Mr. Wilhelmsen deplores. The discipline that Mr. Wilhelmsen has displayed in his epistemology textbook, and in his brilliant articles for the philosophical journals, would vastly have increased the accessibility and influence of this highly original and important volume.

Movies

Eight Horsemen of the Apocalypse

FRANCIS RUSSELL

IT MUST have been in 1921 or 1922 that I saw my first *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* at Anderson's Mattapan Theater in the Dorchester suburb of Boston—and I saw it free. Old Man Anderson was, in Maugham's Edwardian phrase, a downy bird. Whenever his Mattapan started a new serial, he would let us all in after school to a showing of the first installment and throw in a feature for good measure. Attendance at any serial premiere from our Fifth Grade of the Edmund P. Tileston School was 97½ per cent (the 2½ per cent being Charles Brown, the only well-behaved boy in Grade V, who always obeyed his mother and came right home after school). After that suspense-ridden installment the rest of us were hooked. For the next nineteen Saturday afternoons we were Anderson's captives on the gum-encrusted wooden seats of the Mattapan, munching jellybeans and howling our approval or disapproval until the reel ended almost unendurably with the trussed heroine about to be tossed from a cliff, fried in a volcano, drowned by the tide, or sliced up by the Twentieth Century Limited. And then—Continued Next Week!

The Mattapan was like a huge shoebox lined with pebbled tin sheeting. At one end was the projection booth, at the other the screen. To the left of the screen, near the gas Exit light, Miss Forsythe sat at the upright piano. For those who are not aware of it, the original function of music at the cinema was to distract as soothingly as possible from the whirr of the projector. Miss Forsythe, who on Sundays played the hymns for the Methodist Sunday school, thumped her best. Old Man Anderson didn't care what she played so long as it was loud.

Several years at the Mattapan, however, had given her a kind of film rapport, a sixth sense for mood. For ordinary love scenes she favored MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," and for the stickier ones Ethelbert Nevin's "Venezia." Home and mother turned her to the old reliable largo of Dvorak; William S. Hart galloping through the sagebrush automatically brought out the "William Tell Overture"; while soldiers of all nationalities marched to "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Miss Forsythe could become coyly facetious with "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," but she was probably at her professional best with "Onward Christian Soldiers." At a routine level she relied on Stephen Foster and the sentimental ballads of the nineties such as "In Days of Old When Knights Were Bold," with of course all the popular songs of World War I from "The Long, Long Trail" to "Keep the Home Fire Burning." The twenties were barred to her. Although she would occasionally try her hand at "Dardanella" or "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm," the fact was she could not

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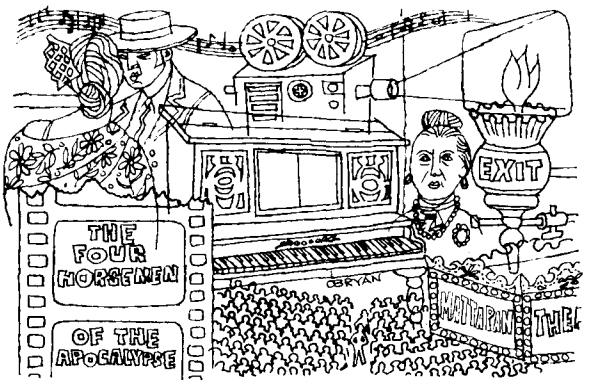
syncopate. Her accompaniment to the original *Four Horsemen* hovers in my mind as a rain of undefined arpeggios on a corrugated roof. I doubt if she played a tango in the famous tango sequence; I doubt if she could have.

The Four Horsemen as we of the Fifth Grade viewed it was an aftermath to Part One of *The Eagle's Eye,* the eye being that of the U.S. Secret Service before Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's more prominent eye took over. None of us had even heard of Blasco Ibañez' book, or of the new star Rudolph Valentino, for that matter, although the horsemen themselves struck a Sunday school echo. My memories of that early epic are non-sequitur. Through the Mattapan's dank spearmint-flavored darkness, with the gas flame at the exit trembling to Miss Forsythe's thumps, I recall most clearly the famous tango scene. At the time it was considered so scandalous that it set Valentino's career back several years. Yet even as an eleven-year-old I was aware of what a graceful animal that misnamed Italian was. No one could better have embodied Ibañez's intriguingly dissolute Julio Desnoyers. In one scene he wore a pearl stickpin that glowed with depravity, in another his eyes—as well as ours—bugged out as the abandoned Marguerite Laurier came to his room. Finally, of course, regenerated but doomed and with a slight beard, he found his place as a soldier in the trenches. But the Four Horsemen as they shot like rockets through the sky dwarfed everything else. An old man with an asbestos beard—I believe it was really Jean Hersholt—opened a folio volume and straight out of it the horsemen surged up through smoke and thunderclouds that dripped doom. Conquest, War, Pestilence, Death—wow! Since the film was worn and flecked they looked a little as if they were riding through a snowstorm as they swept across the patched narrow screen, but they certainly had something that the Sunday School at the Holy Spirit Church across the square didn't.



Blasco Ibanez' book was the first real novel of World War I. In fact, it came out before the armistice, and by the war's end had been translated into half a dozen languages and expanded into scores of editions. With its ponderous and artificial naturalism it has long since ended up in the lumber-room of literary history. Yet, however dated, it was not a trivial book. Nor, in its time and context, was the naive 1921 film. Now, forty years later, MGM has revived and streamlined those primitive Four Horsemen to move across a wide cyclonic screen through mists of technicolor and to the brazen accompaniment of off-key trumpets. Conquest, War, Pestilence and Death take it at a slower pace this time, however, not only sweeping the skies but even cantering right through a nightclub.

I think if the producer, Julian Blaustein, had taken *The Four Horsemen* as a period piece he might have made a reasonable picture. Instead, his boys have transposed it to World War II and redecorated it with Nazis, French Resistance fighters, monocled German generals and Julio in a sports car.

The most attractive thing about this updated rehash is that most of it was actually filmed in and around Paris. I managed to find a nostalgic pleasure in looking at the familiar places where I had been a student a generation ago.

But I couldn't find much else. Whether or not Glenn Ford is an actor I do not know, but in appearance he is a sedentary Prufrock who has put on too much weight in the last ten years. As Julio he gives the impression of a congressman on an expense-free European tour whose night-club tabs will be picked up by the taxpayers. His love scenes with Ingrid Thulin are the most tediously prolonged that I have seen since *Sands of the Desert* (Anderson's Mattapan, 1918). As for dancing, his style is that of an Arthur Murray come-on ad.

The new Swedish star Ingrid Thulin resembles Grace Kelly. To have her frosty refinement pressed into the mould of Julio's light o' love is like having Miss Kelly play Clara Bow. As I remember the book, Julio's sister Chichí appeared in the last chapter to shed tears and flowers on his grave. Here she becomes a member of the Resistance, mostly by hanging round DuPont's (Remember? *"Ou tout est bon."*). As played by Yvette Mimieux, her voice is so piercingly nasal that I felt if the Gestapo had not executed her the Institut Phonétique would have had to do something about it.

Of course there are the German cousins, but the story scarcely matters. It all ends in a rain of bombs as the blue-jowled Glenn puts the finger on the German headquarters in Normandy and is of course im-

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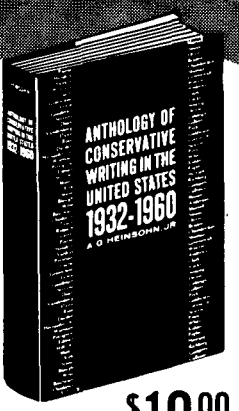

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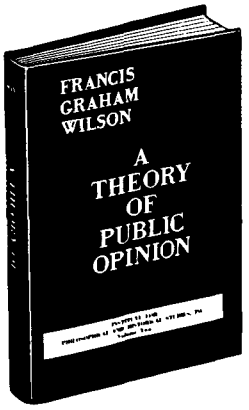

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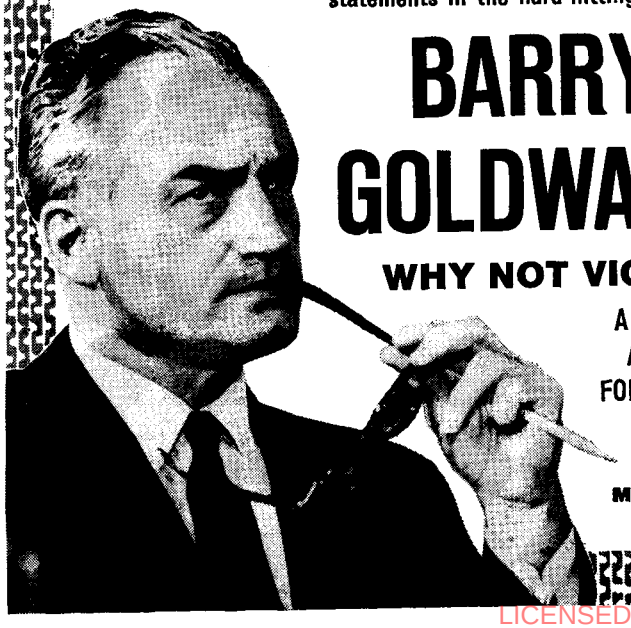

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

SCOTT FITZGERALD, by Andrew Turnbull (Scribner's, $5.95). "That young man must be mad," James Joyce said of Scott Fitzgerald in 1928, "I'm afraid he'll do himself some injury"; a cancelled sentence in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* once spoke of Fitzgerald as a "wrecked" personality. Narcissus at Princeton, a twenty-year binge, crack-up: these are the terms into which his life resolves. Clearly, some demon rode him. One wonders how at least one masterful book, *Gatsby*, and a half dozen fine stories emerged from the hangovers, and why this disordered life is so especially distasteful to read about. Drink and high jinks are fairly common to letters, and men who needed quiet hours have married wild drunken women before; but in Fitzgerald these horrors seem the clawing of the very Harpies. Mr. Turnbull, who knew him, gives us a clear record of the man, if a hazy one of the writer. To record so much of Fitzgerald is somehow unfair, for in an account of so much misbehavior the writer disappears completely, and miracles, one has to imagine, account for novels from all that squalor and childishness. By his thirteenth chapter Mr. Turnbull enters the narrative as a witness, giving an authenticity to Fitzgerald (and an unsuspected side to his character) which few accounts have achieved. The talent described here was a narrow, special, but strong one. Fitzgerald, like his antithesis, Thomas Wolfe, fed off his own experience (imagine Dickens or Tolstoi thus limited) so that it was his art, after all, that ruined his life, not the other way round. Mr. Turnbull's treatment of Zelda is painfully honest and painful to read. We, children of the century's belief that frankness is all, wonder why we should be told so many pointless intimacies until we realize that Mr.

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Turnbull's biography is the Fitzgerald novel that its protagonist acted rather than wrote, and that it is a fulfillment to have it written out in the style and compassion of its subject. G. DAVENPORT

ANONYMOUS (20TH CENTURY), by Leonardo Ricci (Braziller, $5.00). Mankind is sick, lonely, confused, doesn't know where it is going, doesn't even know if life is worth living. Ricci's cure: Anonymity. An architect by profession, he would build an Earth-City for an Anonymous future civilization —a civilization "without heroes, without geniuses, without paladins, without gallery-gods . . . a world of real actions, not of personal ideas." But his utopian meandering through forests, glaciers, prehistoric dawns, across bugs, beetles, mountains, and God knows what else, tries the most vivid imagination, to say nothing of the intellect. This dream of an egalitarian society abounding in humanitarianism, peace, patience, joy, etc. is not new, but what a nightmare it is: human beings lost in Humanity; personality eradicated by Absolute Equality. Such rhetorical nonsense might be excused if coherently presented, but "look-Jane-look-run-Spot-run" is infinitely more readable. This is a book (according to the author) without end and without conclusion—it would be better if it had never had a beginning.

M. L. DILLON

CONTEMPORARY PHYSICS, by C. F. von Weizsacker and J. Juilfs (Braziller, $4.00). It is a pleasant feeling from time to time to approve of a book that attempts to make clear to the intelligent layman a highly technical subject. This revision of von Weizsacker's *The Rise of Modern Physics*, retitled, provides that opportunity. It presents the structure of physical knowledge in a detail surprising without mathematics, and yet it abjures the Mother Goose vocabulary that most physicists seem to think replaces the use of Hermite polynomials. It assumes that the reader is a grownup, even if not a mathematician. The thesis of the book is that "in our century particularly it has again become clear that [physical] theory has philosophi-

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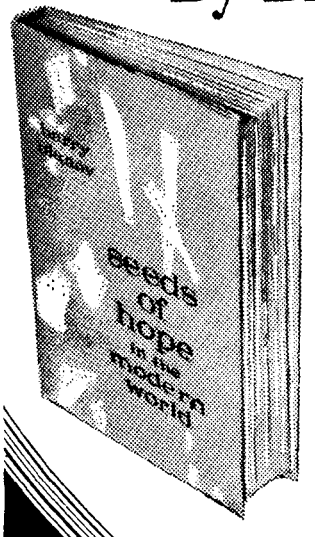

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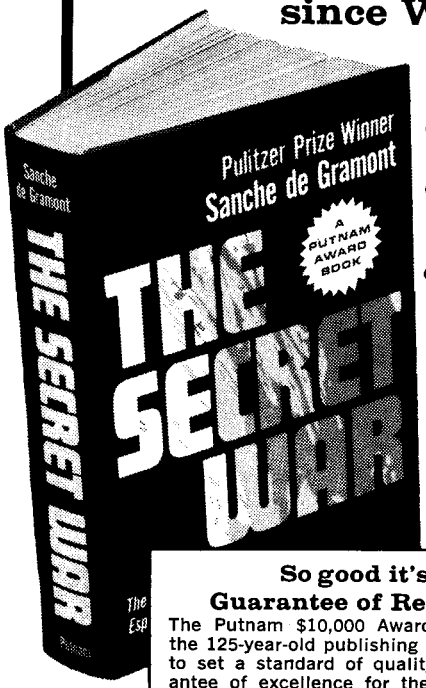

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cal origins and consequences." The structure of physical thought is presented with this thesis in mind, with the result that an epistemological excitement accompanies the description of phenomena. Admittedly, the philosophical consequences are not advanced much beyond a modified positivism, and the same old Kantian hiatus is reached in the statement: "a total separation between the observing subject and the observed object can no longer be made even theoretically." But if originality is not achieved, there is at least admirable clarity in such comments as "Only future events are possible. They alone have the uncertainty which gives meaning to questions about the possibility of their happening. Past events are facts. To ask about the probability of their occurrence is senseless. . . ." The book is not profound enough to be a classic and not entertaining enough to interest a mind prejudiced against the discipline of physical thought. But it is a sufficiently accurate and understandable account of the content of physics to excite, if not to satisfy, in the mind of an intelligent reader an interest in the "philosophical origins and consequences" of modern physics.

D. COWAN

FRONTIERS OF JAZZ, edited by Ralph de Toledano (Ungar, $3.75). This is a book for the well-rounded jazz buff, and will seem strictly "mouldy fig" to the modernists and fadoists. A collection of classic jazz essays, it covers mainly the Old Frontiers: there are chapters on Jelly Roll Morton, Bessie Smith, King Oliver, Bix Beiderbecke, and even Sidney Bechet. Mr. de Toledano is distinguished from most jazz critics: he not only knows what he is talking about, but can also put it evocatively. He conveys as much feeling as knowledge. The best parts of the book are his own, especially his new essay on "The Directions of Jazz" (which provides more information for the uninitiated, safe to predict, than will the next two jazz books published), and the beautiful piece on Billie Holiday (reprinted from NATIONAL REVIEW). Jazz bibliography boasts of few books as good as this one.

J. P. MCFADDEN

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To the Editor

We Want Kreuttner

Would you please tell me why John Kreuttner's delightful little cartoons are appearing so infrequently?

Danvers, Mass. NEIL F. DUNN

The man is a genius. —ED.

U Thant

Your article "Our Eyes Are on U Thant" [April 10] brought back a flood of memories. I was present when Ambassador Thant spoke before the American Academy of Political and Social Science in Philadelphia on April 11, 1958. In his speech the future Secretary General of the United Nations asked when the Soviet Union had ever committed aggression, thus implying that it never had done so. At the same time, the Western powers were taken to task for their military action during the Suez crisis. Later I wrote him a letter, pointing out that in 1922 the Soviet Union solemnly recognized the independence of the Ukraine and then proceeded to launch a surprise attack against it—ultimately crushing all resistance. I never received a reply to my letter, but perhaps the Secretary General took it to heart. For the UN has been extremely careful not to accord diplomatic recognition to Katanga, thus technically—in its own eyes—escaping the opprobrium that accrues to an aggressor.

Lakewood, Ohio ROBERT E. BARTLETT JR.

African Trade Unionism

Re your editorial on the ICFTU [April 10] I really couldn't be more amazed. One of the important developments at the Dakar meeting which I covered was that it was one of those rare occasions in Africa where European "colonialism" wasn't the only object under attack. Communism—Soviet Communism—with no mincing of words was attacked by name. Africans, trade unionists, not office-holders, got up and spoke their piece about Hungary, about East Germany, about Korea. These are guys I know, like Tlili, like Borha, like Kithima, like Pongault (of the Christian International). Other than the *Christian Science Monitor* coverage, an important event in Africa went ignored in the daily press although the *National Observer* had a longish piece a few weeks later. It was unimportant, of course, to our press—but the Communist press (here, the *Worker*) paid lots of abusive attention to the meeting and its results.

Now your editorial: 1. No mention of the anti-Communist, pro-freedom direction of the new all-African federation, the African Trade Union Confederation (ATUC). 2. No mention that AATUF, the Ghana-Casablanca creation, was enthusiastically supported by the WFTU, Moscow's own. No mention that Tlili, Pongault, Borha, Kithima (of Congo, Léopoldville), Jamela of Rhodesia, Mboya, were subject to attack and abuse (in language which is no longer fashionable in the *Worker*) by Tettagah's paper, *African Worker*. 3. An implication—"[ICFTU] was also pro-Western, a virtue that went schizoid" —that somehow it is now anti-Western, an ICFTU which is meeting in Berlin for a world congress next July. The ICFTU is still "pro-Western." The ICFTU is anti-colonial but not anti-freedom: note Becu's comments about dictatorships in these new countries. Tlili versus Tettagah—and NATIONAL REVIEW is neutral? Some marginal event in a faraway continent? Why do you think these African trade unionists—sure their unions are small, fragile, just beginning—go out for ideas that have a basis in freedom? If they wanted to sell their services, believe me, they can do much better selling out to Moscow. Lots of money, lots of kudos, girls, clothes, Volkswagens (the pro-Ghana split labor organization in Nigeria, the NTUC, one morning emerged with three VW's, stainless steel filing cabinets, mimeograph machines and money galore while Borha of the pro-freedom NTUC, has to scrounge for carfare).

If the fight on Communism is to be won, it'll take lots of all kinds of different sorts of disparate types—the Tlilis in North Africa, the Alissanes and Borhas of West Africa, the Jamelas of Central Africa and the Mboyas of East Africa. These fellows are not on the side of the West, they're on the side of freedom; they

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are smart, sophisticated, and for some reason, they don't like Communists and they say so—loud. What else must they do to enjoy NATIONAL REVIEW'S approval? What else? Or are they forever doomed?

New York City ARNOLD BEICHMAN

The Liberal Silence

As the "official" translator of Burnett Bolloten's *The Grand Camouflage,* I have read with pleasure your review [Jan. 30]. I would just like to add that the most accusing factor is that the book has passed unnoticed by *all* Liberal publications in this country even though the book was written by a Liberal, and a British Liberal at that.

Modesto, Cal. CARLOS LOPEZ

UN Reapportionment

The Supreme Court decision in the Tennessee reapportionment case prompts this modest proposal: Since that bastion of liberal freedom morality has decided that the Federal Judiciary has jurisdiction to act in the political affairs of the several states, why not crusade for these same freedoms of expression and political activity in the international sphere? The General Assembly of the United Nations is apportioned on the basis of geographical boundaries (just as the state of Tennessee). If freedom of expression is denied to the voters in Shelby County, Tennessee, where the ratio of their voting strength is 1/44th the strength of voters in Moore County, Tennessee, then how much more is freedom of expression denied to an American citizen (one representative in the UN per 184,000,000 population) when compared to a citizen of Luxembourg (one representative in the UN per 314,000 population)? This is a cause in which NATIONAL REVIEW and the ACLU might well unite.

Atlanta, Ga. EDWIN K. RESPESS

HUAC and Its Critics

On April 4th I was visiting a client on West 34th Street, New York City. For several days I had been reading *The Committee and Its Critics*—in fact, it was in my briefcase at that moment. Across the corridor from my client's office was a door marked "The New York Council to Abolish the HUAC." I knocked at the door and was invited into a minuscule office occupied by two people (man and woman), three desks, miscellaneous

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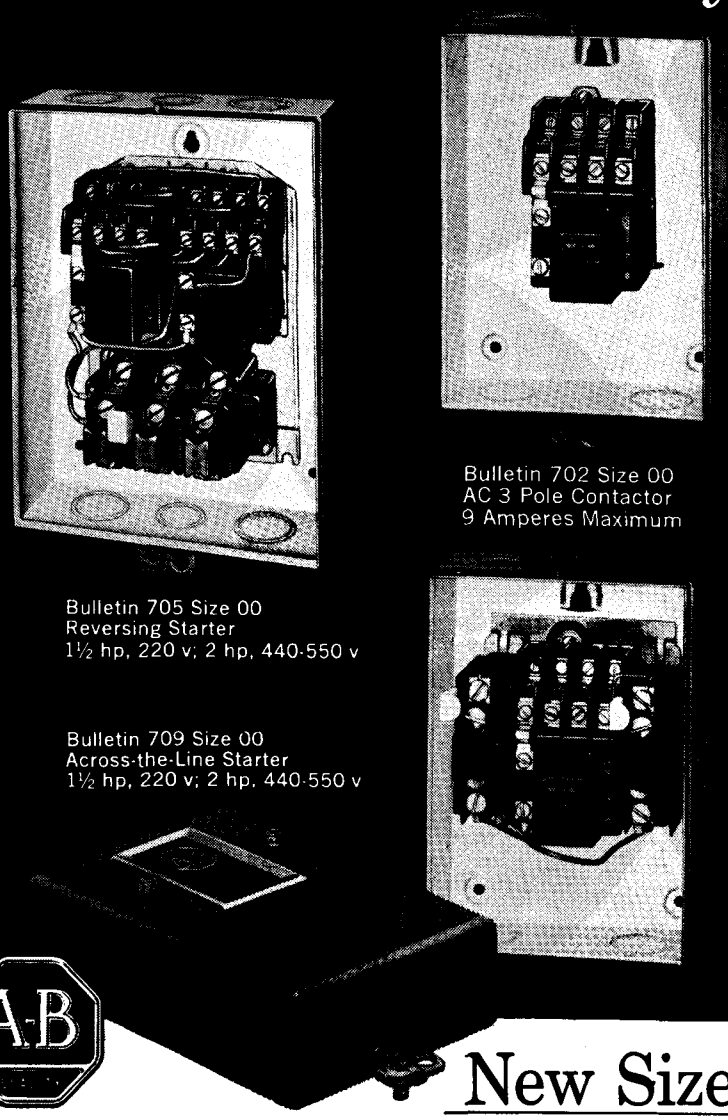

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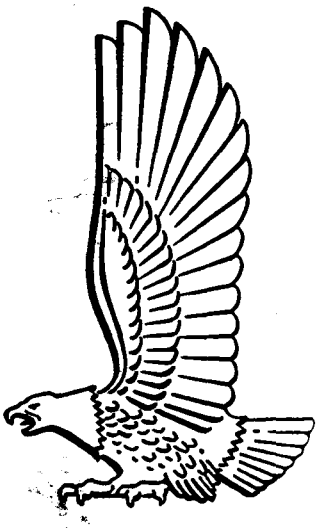

"

Lenin is alleged to have declared that the best way to destroy the capitalist system was to debauch the currency. By a continuing process of inflation, governments can confiscate, secretly and unobserved, an important part of the wealth of their citizens.

Lenin was certainly right. There is no subtler, no surer means of overturning the existing basis of society than to debauch the currency. The process engages all the hidden forces of economic law on the side of destruction, and does it in a manner which not one man in a million is able to diagnose.

"

John Maynard Keynes, in
The Economic Consequences of the Peace
(Published 1919)

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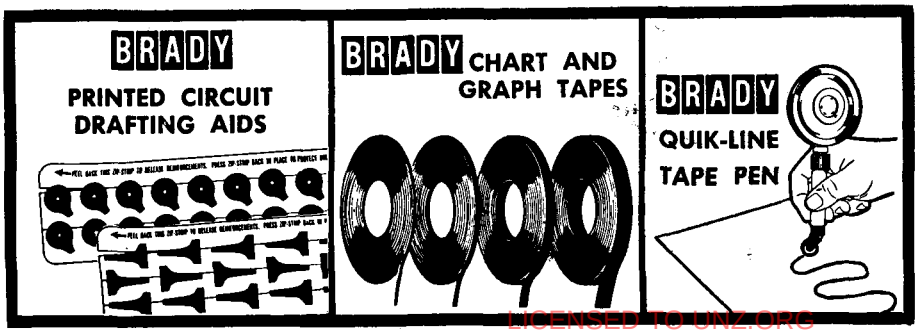

office machines and piles and piles of stationery, some imprinted. On top of a pile of papers on the large desk was a thumbed copy of *The Committee and Its Critics*. Apparently someone is doing a *real* missionary job for conservatism. I expect that the next time I visit the client across the corridor, the signs will read "The National Committee to Abolish the National Committee to Abolish the HUAC."

Lebanon, N.J. THEODORE H. HODGES

Drama Critic

This letter is not in defense of Mr. Gore Vidal, nor is it intended to throw still another brick. However, inasmuch as your critic ["Rome and A Fella," by Noel E. Parmentel Jr., March 13] decided to go outside the proscenium of dramatic criticism, I think he too should be told a few facts.

I live in New Orleans and I too was at school here during the time mentioned in the article, although not the same school as your critic. His very first sentence is false, because at the time of Gore Vidal's stay in New Orleans, he was very well known and everybody had heard of him. He came to New Orleans with the fresh fame of two of his novels, *Willowar* and *The City and the Pillow*, not to mention two bad novels, *The Judgment of Paris* and *Season of Discomfort*. I feel quite certain that he was better known at that time than your present critic.

Mr. Parmentel falls into the abyss of most reviewers today: all he does is tell us what the play is about and then tries to be cute. He makes no attempt to criticize a given work. He indulges in conceits and cute phrases until one must accuse him of "inside" reviewing, just as he accuses Mr. Vidal of "inside" theater. True, there is a cult in the theater and in literature today practising what one can only call militant homosexuality . . . and often it is put forth in so-called works of art in a most insidious manner. If Mr. Parmentel wishes to attack this, and I cannot blame him, he should be more thorough, more objective. If you people are going to indulge in drama criticism and devote time, energy and space to such pursuit, do so with intelligence. If you wish to attack a personality for his sexual beliefs or because he hates his mother, then do so under a separate heading.

New Orleans, La. CHRISTOPHER S. BLAKE

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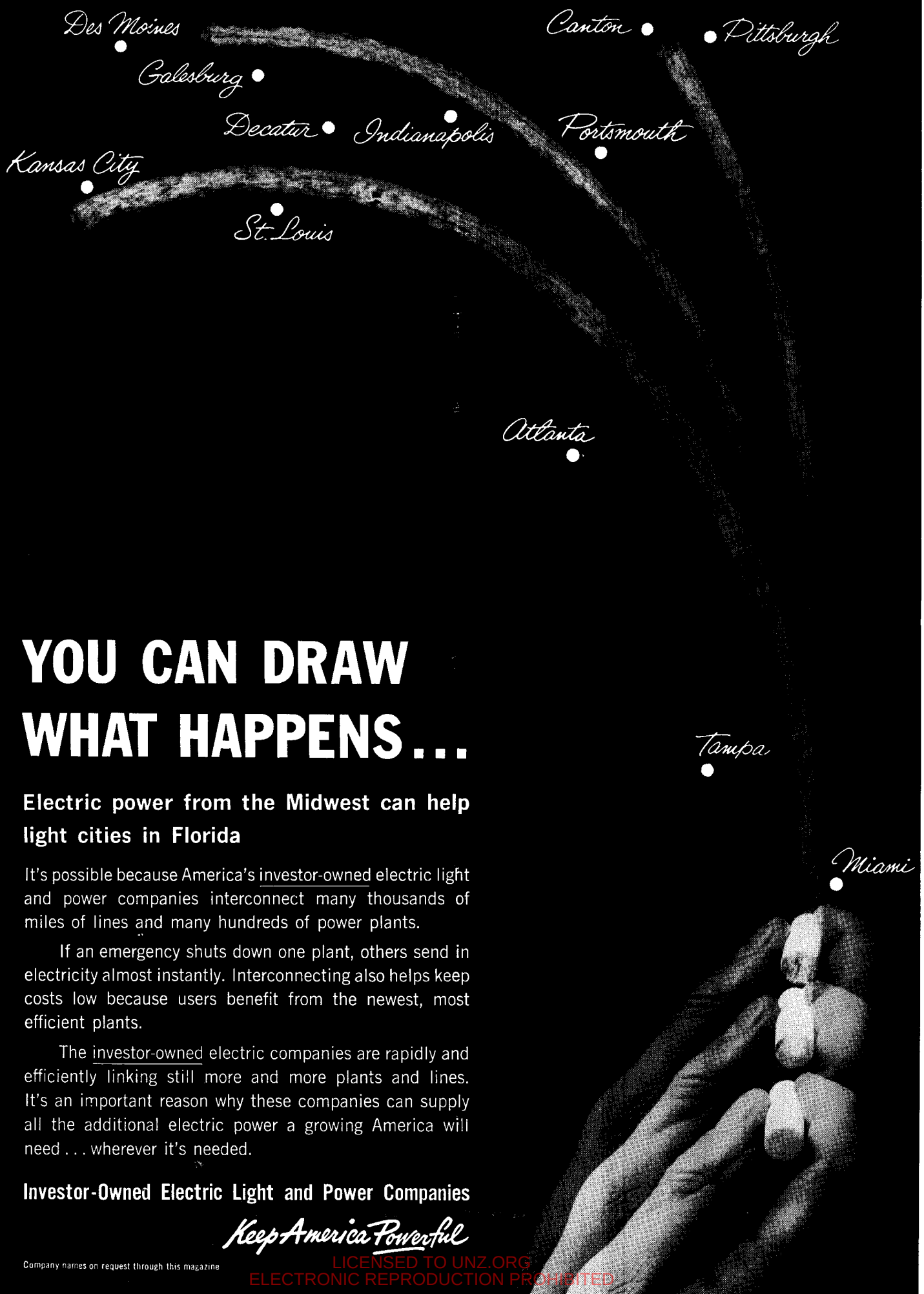

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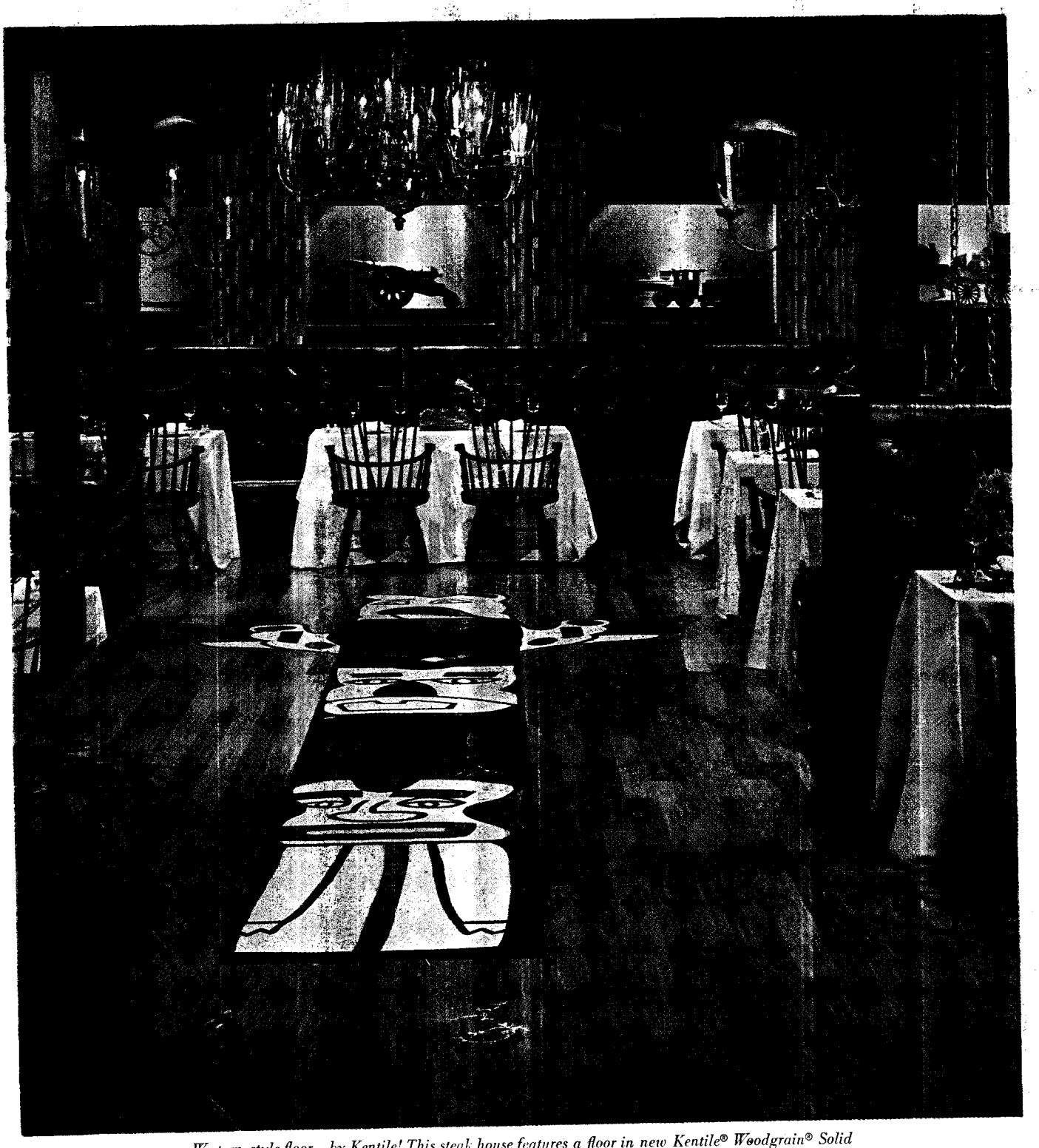

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